

Listen In
On Dean Doyle
Thursday Nite

The University Hatchet

STUDENT WEEKLY

No Issue
of Hatchet
Next Tuesday

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Published in
Two Sections

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1933

Section
One

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Popularity Queen To Be Chosen At Juniors' Week- End Fete May 13

Contest Open to All Co-eds;
Winner to Be Crowned
at Prom

**SPARKS, EVERETT AND
CAMINITA ON BOARD**

Hockey, Baseball, Tennis, and
Track Contests on
Program

A Junior Prom week end, featuring a field day and popularity contest, all to wind up with the crowning of the First Lady of the University at the Junior Prom, will take place the week end of May 13, according to a statement issued by Joseph Danzansky, president of the junior class.

Floyd Sparks, Prom committee chairman, has set up a committee composed of representatives of sororities, fraternities, and "barbs," to aid him in the planning of Junior Prom week end. Two definite appointments have been made with the naming of John Everett as manager of field day, and Ludwig Caminita, publicity manager. Other committees will be announced at a later date.

Announcement and coronation of the First Lady of the University will be made at the Junior Prom. Details of the Prom itself, including place, time and orchestra, will be published in the next issue of The Hatchet.

Contest Rules Announced
Sparks wants it definitely understood that there will be no expenditure of money involved in the contest. There are no entrance fees, no fees for voters, or anyone sponsoring a contestant.

Junior Prom popularity contest rules

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Band Concerts Start Wednesday, April 26

First of Series of Six Concerts
Given Same Day as Base-
ball Game

Coincident with the opening of the baseball season, the University Band will begin its annual spring concerts, according to the schedule released by Director Louis Malkus. The first concert will be given on the afternoon of April 26, in the University yard, between 4:30 and 5:10.

Six concerts will be given in all, one week, the dates to be announced later. Classical music, along with military marches and popular fox trots, will comprise the programs.

In addition to the concert series, the band will play for seven of the baseball games to be played between G. W. U. and various colleges at Griffith Stadium. Besides playing at the opening game, April 27, with Delaware, the band will appear at the following games:

May 5, West Virginia University,
May 6, Duke University.
May 9, Washington & Lee University.

May 17, Mount St. Mary's College.
May 24, Washington College.

Graduating Seniors Must Notify Nessell

Members of the senior class of the University are urged by the Registrar, Fred E. Nessell, to make application for graduation in June at once. Plans are being made to present diplomas to the graduates from the platform at the commencement exercises this year. To enable this to be done it is necessary that the diplomas be engrossed far in advance, and it is therefore important that the registrar be informed without delay of the names of those students who expect to be graduated in June.

Application blanks are now available in the registrar's office.

Tuition Payment Deadline April 20

The final date for the payment of tuition has been changed to Thursday, April 20, at 6 p. m., which is the first day after spring vacation, according to an announcement made by Charles W. Holmes, comptroller of the University. This change has been made because the original date, April 16, falls during vacation.

Taking Advantage of Lent



Glee Clubs' Annual Concert and Dance Planned for May 2

Prominent Guest Artist Will
Take Part in Program at
Willard Hotel

Plans are being made by The George Washington University Glee Clubs for their sixth annual spring concert and dance, to be held on May 2, in the main ballroom of the Willard Hotel.

A prominent out-of-town artist will be one of the features of the program. The clubs are working intensively on the songs to be used. About four groups of songs will be sung by the men's glee club, another group by the women's club, and two groups by the combined clubs.

The glee clubs this year have had an unusually busy schedule of activities; with the women's club taking a more prominent part in programs than in previous years. The men's club has appeared, either alone or jointly with the women's club, at concerts at the Memorial United Brethren Church, the Thanksgiving Homecoming program, the Arlington Hall school, the lighting of the national community Christmas tree at Sherman Square, at the Armistice night celebration in the Washington.

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Dean Doyle Third Speaker on Radio Weekly Forum Hour

Will Be Heard Over WMAL
Thursday on "The Black
Legend of Spain"

"The Black Legend of Spain" will be the subject of the talk of Dean Henry Grattan Doyle, professor of Romance languages, on Thursday, April 13, at 7:45 p. m., in the third of a radio series given by members of the University faculty over WMAL.

Further explanation of his subject, the title of which is especially calculated to pique the curiosity, cannot be disclosed, Dean Doyle says.

Fourteen more professors and instructors will be heard on this regular weekly feature before the series ends July 27. The remainder of the schedule is as follows:

April 20, Dr. Lowell Ragatz, "Dictatorship and Germany;" April 27, Dean W. C. Van Vleet, "Some Movements Toward Law Reform;" May 4, Dr. Fred A. Moss, "Auditing Your Emotional Account;" May 11, Dr. W. C. Johnstone, "The League of Nations and the Far East."

May 18, Dr. Vincent DuVigneaud, "Insulin and Diabetes;" May 25, Prof.

(Continued on Page 5.)

Carlin and Chambers Combines Meet In Spring Training Climax Saturday

Complete 1932 Aggregation to Face Prospective 1933 Eleven
in Unusual Contest at Central High Stadium; Seniors
Practice Thursday and Friday

By ROBERT P. HERZOG

While Old Sol beats down upon our heads, and the weather man reminds us that baseball season is once again upon us, the athletic department comes forth with an announcement of a football game. Captain Wayne Chambers of the 1932 football aggregation leads a team of haughty warriors against the Carlin-1933 eleven.

The scene for the gala event is laid in the hillside stadium at Central High School. Saturday afternoon, April 15, is the date, and the players will start playing at 3 p. m. sharp. And speaking of sharp that's the best definition for the spectacle to be presented. The tentative line-up speaks for itself.

Arrangements for the contest followed an initial challenge by Lee Carlin for the men of '33 to Wayne Chambers, captain and spokesman of the championship 1932 outfit. The seniors who will play in the game start their practices Thursday and end them on Friday; and both coaches and managers are in hope that this long string of workouts will not stale the men and render them useless.

On the one hand we have the seniors

composed of: Blackstone, all-District center; all-American Slaird, Wally Wilson, Ras Neilsen, Bob Galloway, Fred Mulvey, "Soapy" Fenlon, Pixlee's nationally known star; Joe Carter, Otto Kriemelmeyer, and Captain "Ike" Chambers. Joining these seniors in their fight with the underclassmen are other members of the 1932 team.

"Zuzu" Stewart, champion play diagnostician of the east coast; Boy Hickman, clever defensive guard, and Hardy Pearce, over the building line, playing at Blackstone's left, compose the remainder of the line.

All admissions will be 25 cents

Oldest Commerce Fraternity Accepts University Petition

Alpha Kappa Psi to Replace
Commerce Club on Campus
This Spring

Alpha Kappa Psi, leading national professional commerce fraternity, will come to the George Washington campus this spring.

Acceptance of the Commerce and Economics Fraternity into the national body was announced this week by Richard W. Maycock, president of the local organization.

O. Arthur Kirkman, railroad president of High Point, N. C., and grand president of Alpha Kappa Psi, with other officers of the national organization, will come to Washington to install the new chapter here early next month.

Alpha Kappa Psi is the oldest and largest fraternity of its kind, having been organized in 1904 at New York University. It now has 63 active chapters and alumni groups in the leading schools of commerce and business administration throughout the country.

Its approval of the commerce fraternity means increased national recognition of the University, particularly for its caliber of instruction in the school of Government and the department of economics.

President Cloyd Heck Marvin extended his congratulations today to the Commerce and Economics Fraternity upon its achievement. Dr. Marvin has been particularly interested in the group and its activities since the founding of the organization here in March, 1931.

Has Had Active Program

In passing upon the petition of the local group, national officers of Alpha Kappa Psi were impressed with the active program that the fraternity has conducted during the last two years. In addition to sponsoring well-known speakers the club has promoted meetings and discussions on general business problems. Its "bull sessions" on such subjects as farm relief, banking reform, business reorganization, unemployment, insurance, economic planning, federal taxation, and technocracy have attracted particular attention.

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Pan-American Day Celebrated Today

Early University Ceremonies
Will Be Broadcast Over
N. B. C. Network

Pan-American Day will be celebrated this morning from 11:30 to 12:00 in Corcoran Hall 10. The guest speakers will be Dr. R. J. Alfaro, minister from Panama; Dr. L. S. Rowe, director of the Pan-American Union, and Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, president of the University. Dr. A. Curtis Wilgus, associate professor of history, is chairman of the program committee.

This program, an annual event at the University, will be broadcast over the "Red" network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Invitations have been extended by Dr. Rowe to a number of George Washington University students to participate in the official ceremonies on April 14, when the nation will celebrate Pan-American Day. Because of the conflict that would otherwise exist with the date of the Easter holidays, the University program has been advanced to today.

Pi Deltas Will Give Subscription Dance

In preparation for its convention to be held on May 6, at the University, for the high school publications staffs, Pi Delta Epsilon, honorary journalistic fraternity, will give a subscription dance at Corcoran Hall Friday evening, April 21.

The purpose of the dance is to help raise funds to assist with the convention that the fraternity is sponsoring for the high schools to create increased interest in publications and the University.

Bobby Ford's Serenaders, a popular local orchestra, will supply the music for the occasion; the date, immediately after the holidays, will provide a get-together for students.

Limelight Again

Harris Hull, aviation expert and editor on the Washington Post, former G. W. student and only Washington newspaperman at the scene of the Akron crash, while flying over the scene of the wreckage pulled from his pocket a piece of paper on which was an edition of The University Hatchet.

Partial Revision Passes Council; Fesler, Rhinehart, Prichard, Haley to Stump

Bullard, Frosh President, Ar-
ranges Series of Cam-
paign Talks

**PRICHARD TO ADDRESS
FROSH 11 A. M. TODAY**

Fesler and Rhinehart to Speak
at Liberal Club Forum
Wednesday

Catherine Prichard, Student Council representative from Columbian College, and associate editor of The Hatchet, will address the freshman class at 11 a. m. today.

Miss Prichard, who was the sole opposer of the Billings bill of partial reorganization, will explain the difference between it and The Hatchet plan of complete reorganization, and will also tell why she favors the latter.

This is the second of a series of talks arranged by President Bullard of the class of '36, by which he plans to acquaint the class with the campaign issues of this year's Student Council elections.

The schedule arranged by Bullard is as follows: Thursday, April 20—James Haley, council representative from Junior College, who voted for the present plan, will present the Council's point of view. Tuesday, April 25—C. Manley Fesler, editor-in-chief of The Hatchet, and one of the leaders for complete reorganization, will speak. The schedule will be terminated by an address on election day, April 27, by Walter Rhinehart, also a complete reorganization leader, and candidate for the Student Council from Junior College.

President Bullard in a statement to The Hatchet today said: "Freshman interest in the elections is at a high pitch, and I want the class to have a complete survey of the question so as to enable them to cast their vote intelligently."

In conjunction with the campaign being carried on by the Complete Reorganization Party, C. Manley Fesler and Walter Rhinehart will attend a symposium to be held by the Liberal Club in Room 17, Corcoran Hall, Wednesday, April 12, at 8 p. m. They will explain and defend the proposed change which is to be the subject of the forum.

Reorganization Plan Lists Seven Points

Activities as Well as Schools
Represented Under
New System

With the passage of the Billings bill immediate reorganization of the Student Council was approved by that body at its regular meeting April 6. Upon motion of President Elton Billings, who left the chair to effect action, the Council recorded itself in favor of a plan for reorganization which provides:

1. Immediate action to effect new organization.
2. Combination of the representative system with the ex-officio system which gives representative to activities groups.

3. Selection by Council of groups to be allowed representation on the Council.

4. Terms of ex-officio representatives shall begin with terms of newly elected members of the Council.

5. The Council shall continue to choose its own affairs.

6. All members to be allowed one vote.

7. Elections to continue as they are at the present time.

The action on the Billings bill came after preliminary discussion in which Editor Fesler of The Hatchet and Donald Wilkins of the Speakers' Congress advocated immediate reorganization.

Bourke Floyd and John Barbers also

(Continued on Page 6.)

**Sudden Reversal of Council
Features Passing of
Billings' Bill**

**SPEAKERS' CONGRESS
BACKS FESLER PLAN**

**300 Frosh Hear Rhinehart Ad-
vocate Complete Reor-
ganization**

By LUDWIG CAMINITA

With a sudden reversal of policy, the Student Council last Wednesday night passed the following resolution which provides for a partial reorganization of the Council beginning the school year 1933-34:

"That we immediately effect our reorganization and that we continue the representative system combined with an ex-officio system, and that the present council decide upon the activities which will have representation upon the council, that the terms of those representatives shall begin with the terms of the newly elected members of the Student Council and that the election of officers continue as under the present system, by the council."

The resolution was presented by President Elton Billings.

TIME FACTOR INVOLVED

Time is the great factor that has caused so much discussion of late in connection with the reorganization of the council. Proponents of the Roberts plan, as outlined in The Hatchet, claimed that the reorganization can and should be done immediately. Only standing in their fight for immediate reorganization are C. Manley Fesler, editor of The Hatchet, and Walter Rhinehart, associate editor of The Hatchet and candidate for Student Council representative of Junior College.

Opponents of the reorganization plan who contended that it should be done very gradually are largely members of the present council. Especially active were Jack Goode, Law School representative; Elton Billings, president of the council; and James Haley, from Junior College.

COUNCIL EXPLAINS VIEW

In a recent statement issued to the press, and published in the March 28 edition of The Hatchet, the council said:

"It was evident that numerous opinions were entertained by members of the Council as to the advisability of the suggested changes. After lengthy deliberation it was decided to report our findings to the new council which will be elected this spring; that as many members as possible should run for reelection, taking as campaign issues the various items of suggested reorganization; and that other candidates be urged to express themselves on these matters. In this way the student body will become informed as to the problems confronting our student government; sentiment would be crystallized. The Student Council of next year would then be able to take action advisably and would then have public opinion behind it."

"It is not wise to make drastic changes hurriedly of a nature suggested by Professor Roberts. They should be effected gradually and be more of an evolutionary process. Immediate action was not recommended by Professor Roberts."

OPEN FORUM HELD

Sentiment was crystallized, evidently, among Student Council members themselves within the past week. The time factor apparently was not so disturbing, as can be seen by the passage of the Billings Bill.

Speakers' Congress held an open forum last Friday afternoon to permit the supporters and opponents of the Roberts plan to express their views. Bourke Floyd, Junior College candidate for Student Council, was the first speaker. Floyd diagrammed the pro-

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Student Council Candidates

Junior College	Columbian	Floyd Travers
Clementina Laurie	Helen Mitchell	Leon Cummerford
Ralph Given	Joseph Danzansky	Pharmacy
Isaac Goldberg	Clara Critchfield	George Emmart
Betty Coon	Louise Linkins	Medical School
Anna-Claire Koons	Fine Arts	James Duesabek
Charles A. Bell	Catherine Cutler	Education
Richard Creyke	Vernon Goodrich	Helen Hughes
Helen Fenwick	Arthur Goetz	Edith Grosvenor
Jane Hughes	Government	Mary Lee Watkins
Kenneth Patrum	Margaret Liebler	Law
Walter Rhinehart	Fred Stevenson	Thomas Hudson
Loren Murray	Library Science	Robert Hitch
Karl Gay	Mary Perrin	John Hoffmann
Bourke Floyd	Engineering	A. C. Johnston
	Joseph Allen	William Helvestine
	James Johnson	Milton Dennis

The University Hatchet

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WASHINGTON, D. C. TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1933.

Alpha Kappa Psi Will Add Much to George Washington's Already Great Prestige

It is with particular gratification and enthusiasm that George Washington welcomes to its campus the country's oldest and largest professional fraternity, Alpha Kappa Psi. The whole University extends its congratulations to the Commerce and Economics Fraternity upon its acceptance into membership of the larger organization.

During its comparatively short existence at George Washington the Commerce Fraternity has occupied a unique position as an active professional group interested in the varied phases of our national economic life. When University men give serious study to the hundreds of perplexing economic and social problems that relate to the conduct of business, it is a healthy indication that periods of depression and maladjustment, such as we are now passing through, may be alleviated in the future.

Few universities in the country are so situated as to give their students the close-up views of economics and politics that George Washington does. Yet classroom instruction is not enough. "Bull sessions," individual research, special speakers and discussions of the type sponsored by the local Commerce Fraternity are of tremendous value in equipping students not only for individual success, but for service to society—now so much in need of men with conscience and brains to help remake our badly shattered economic order.

A Change of Attitude Must Have Struck the Student Council; but Only a Half-Hearted One

With no desire to appear obstreperous, The Hatchet is forced to disagree with the action of the Student Council which sets up a bicameral form of student government at George Washington. It was the understanding of The Hatchet that time was the main argument that the Student Council had against the adoption of the plan as proposed by Professor Roberts and sponsored by The Hatchet. And now, at one fell swoop, the Council disregards all consideration of the element of time and adopts a plan which has not even had the consideration of the various groups evincing an interest in the problem.

In the first place the scheme as accepted by the Council does not solve the problem of Council membership as it exists as a mere activity. Students will continue to go out for Student Council just in order to accumulate a few more activity points and in order to have something to do. If these students are interested in activities, why not let them go out for the ones which have definitely defined fields and which contribute something to the general good of the University through the medium of these fields? Student Council membership must be more than an activity to ever amount to anything in a practical way; rather such membership should be conferred as a result or climax to work well done in some particular phase of student life at the University. As long as members are elected to the Student Council by direct vote of the students of departments or schools, just that long will the Council be encumbered by inexperienced personnel. And inexperienced persons are always subject to an inertia born either of lack of strength of convictions or of no convictions at all.

Therefore The Hatchet still feels that to continue the present scheme of representation will be to stifle future potential actions of the Student Council by lack of understanding of campus problems and that selfishness of purpose which is the motivating spirit behind elections by popular vote.

In the second place the partial reorganization as adopted by the Council is in direct opposition to the views as expressed by various campus activity leaders at the recent hearings of the Student Council. When asked if they would like to have representation on the Student Council in order that the Council might help them with their problems the answer was without exception a definite "No." Even the merest suggestion that there be any regulation of activities by the Council was repugnant to the leaders of those activities; and now the

Council invites them to sit in meetings with and solicit advice from people who, in the past, admittedly have known nothing concerning the very problems the Council would have them render opinions about. Such a scheme will never work, if, indeed, it can ever be put into effect. The Hatchet doubts whether the activities mentioned will even send representatives to such a Council.

In sitting up this bicameral organization the Council apparently is under the impression that the purpose of the reorganized body should be the regulation of activities. Such is not the case and the proponents of the plan of reorganization never intended that it should be. The idea behind a Student Council composed of activity heads is that these heads offer a cross section of University life that is interested, capable, and willing to work, and therefore qualified to fill the office of an active, interested, and competent governing body. They would not attempt to run one another's business because they would realize better than any else could the utter futility of a dramatist, for instance, telling an athlete how to conduct his affairs. Rather than such a bidding for overlapping regulation would come the highest respect for the opinions of fellow councilmen.

For these reasons The Hatchet believes that partial reorganization will not work and that the best way out is reorganization—complete and immediate.

New Varsity Baseball Team Must Have Student Support

The students of George Washington University will have within the next few weeks the pleasure of seeing a varsity baseball team for the first time in many years. This privilege comes to them gratis through the kindness of The National Civic League, a charity organization which is sponsoring these games. However, the burden of making the season's expenses is not lifted from the shoulders of the athletic department. If every student would sell two tickets at 25 cents apiece the season would go over with a bang, and a success label could be written right now.

Surely it is not too much to ask support in this charitable endeavor, which will afford in return many evenings of free entertainment.

The freshman class is to be congratulated for its response in the matter, but every student must attend the proposed frosh stunt night if the affair is to be a success.

CHIPS

Hello, folks—you should have heard the Frosh hoot when Rollo got up to speak, but they hooted worse when he sat down. We see by the papers that Virginia Jones is the headliner at the Gayety this week—Congrats, Virginia, we always like to see a student getting up in the world—Does initiation always effect the Pi Phis that way? Betty Coon's lost her heart or sumpin, since we see she sports an S. P. E. pin—"He is not from G. W.," says Coon, "he's a nice S. P. E. from Washington and Lee." It was 200 thirsty guests who attended King Kong O'Keefe's Brewless Brew Year's Eve Ball. Talking about brew, now that Duke White's brawn tosses the kegs about, we suppose it will take on a new flavor. Since Wayne Chambers joined the Glee Club, you have to be careful when you call the song birds sissies. Hearts and flowers—Sweet breath of spring—Free appoints Danzansky baseball manager—Wonder if they kissed when they made up? Gamma Eta Zeta keeps its copy for the Petticoat under adhesive tape so Rollo won't laugh at them before he gets the funny, funny paper. Dille, we don't think that idea of yours to print a big "I" and label it Dean Doyle is so hot, as it might make the Dean mad—Calling Professor Bowman a long-nosed whipper-will isn't so good either—That one about Audley Smith having a one-track mind and Frenchy Thomas using grade school methods might also raise a row—Atwell says she wants some dirt—why doesn't she write a story on her part in the plot that made Ruth Warren leader of the Interfraternity Prom instead of Minnie Cooper?—By the way, we note that Minnie's wearing a T. U. O. seal these rainy afternoons—yep, it's Bain's. How a little girl gets along in the world might also be the reading if Atwell would tell about her date with Sawtelle New Year's Eve a year ago at Al Johnston's sunrise party—Another wow would be "Maggie" Liebler's date with Fesler on the cellar steps of the K. D. house. The Editor Dille might add some of her high school past as color, or a few of her multifarious love affairs B. M. (before Malkus). Nutter stood Herzog up the other night—he took her to the Shoreham the next nite—nice work, Helen. Walker, Lomerson, Smith, and Kemper skipped chapter meeting to hang their Sig pins on Jones, Hodgkins, Bruce, and Crane. Pi Phi fillies—It cost them a slug apiece for being absent—Plutocrats or—call it spring. Busick says Rathjen's a sissy because he was knocked out by a sock on the bezer Saturday, while looking at the cherry blossoms with the football team. The Baptist Student Union had better consult Papa Woodward before they hold that week-end trip to discuss plans for the future. Pi Delta Epsilon dedicates this joke as the spirit of Gamma Eta Zeta—Dum—"Do you like talkative women as well as others?" Py—"What others?"—phooey. When the nearby food vendors are trying to aid the return of prosperity by the addition of a few cockroaches, why should the coeds raise such a squawk—I ask you? At a recent cat social the Chi Ohs accused the A. D. Pis of entertaining men in the rooms, but they failed to mention the fact that they haven't decided yet whether that settee of theirs is a sofa or Sickler's day bed. The Chi Oh Betty Rose might assist the Pi Phi Betty Rose if she would give her a hint where she lost all that plumpness she was sporting this time last year—Epsom salts baths, maybe?—yes, maybe. Scotty Giffen, freshman wonder, is now the best dressed woman on the campus, and as such will succeed to the job Dille coughed up two weeks ago, as a critic of what it's proper for coeds to wear. All the boys appreciated the Schorn lingerie display from the second floor of Building L last week. Have you read Kaminita's Kampanila Koim?—Well, that's pretty nice alliteration anyway. Young Democrats Split—Wheeler leads minority faction—Must have got his training in the Student Council. Along the line of poetry here is another one of Betty Rollo's offerings: For they're hanging Winchell Rollo, you can hear the Dead March play. The Hatchet staff's in hollow square—They're hanging him today. They've taken his typewriter and put his Chips away, And they're hanging Winchell Rollo in the mornin'. It sounds like a Dille nightmare, so help me, ladies and gentlemen! Au revoir, a little beer and pleasant dreams.

OLD PETTICOAT ROLLO.

Lauds Hatchet Plan For Student Council

To the Editor:

A few days ago I heard a person praise the liberality at George Washington; I began to think about it. A few days later your proposal for a reorganization of the Student Council came out in The Hatchet. In that you clinched my ideal of liberality with a practical idea—an idea that should be recognized by the entire University—because it hits the spot.

Why? Because George Washington is different from most universities. It is not bigoted by nationality, religion, etc.; yet it flourishes with all of them. The officials and faculty direct the procession, athletes, society, politics, school and the students govern. The University is run for the students, and the students come from various fields. The Student Council is the students' government.

Then the Student Council should be the representative ideal of the various thoughts of the University—and all will be satisfied. Let the religious groups have their representative, athletes theirs, professionals theirs, and so on. From such representation nothing but satisfaction could result—likely something unusually good. The best minds from the various fields grinding together would certainly produce some model ideas. Just think of the rich mixture of these university ingredients: Profession, fraternity, religion, athletics, music, art, education, engineering, etc. That's my ideal of a university. Thanks.

—S. CLAUDE BARTLEY.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, April 11
Swisher History Club, 8:30 p. m., W-25. Speaker, Duhamel, subject, "Romance of the Founding of the Capital City."
Wednesday, April 12
Wesley Club, 8 p. m., Lambie House. Gamma Eta Zeta, 12 noon, Chi Omega rooms.
W. A. A. Board, 1 p. m., Building R, second floor.
Freshman Women's Assembly, 12 noon, W-10. Speaker, Miss Dorothy Poore, subject, "Work in Fashions."
Thursday, April 20
Christian Science Organization, 8:10 p. m., Lambie House.
Friday, April 21.
Modern Poetry Club, 12:30 p. m., W-16.

NOTES ON COLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES

Donaldson Guest Speaker Before Phi Pi Epsilon

Dr. John Donaldson, professor of political economy, was the guest speaker at the April meeting of Phi Pi Epsilon, foreign service fraternity for women, last Tuesday evening. He talked on "Research Method in the Social Sciences with Special Reference to Economics."

The five laws for sound thinking, as set forth by Glenn Frank, were quoted by Dr. Donaldson as being essential in writing up research material; they are, "find the facts; focus the facts; filter the facts; face the facts; follow the facts."

Dr. Halley Key Speaker Before Medical Society

Dr. Charles R. L. Halley was the guest speaker at the meeting of the William Beaumont Medical Society held last Tuesday night at the Medical School. Dr. Halley's subject was "A Surgeon of the Western Frontier."

Other papers were presented by Mr. Clyde Flood and Dr. Walter Freeman. The former discussed Berger's and Raynaud's diseases, while Dr. Freeman gave a few remarks on a new test for discovering possible hypertension in a person who shows no clinical symptoms at the time.

Four new members were elected to the society: James M. Suter, Howard Harper, Paul Noonan, and Harold Opsahl. The first three named are juniors in the Medical School, while Opsahl has the distinction of being the first sophomore to be admitted to the society.

El Club Espanol Hears Commercial Advisor

"The Second Year of the Spanish Republic" was discussed by Senor Jose Gubernau, Spanish commercial advisor, at a meeting of El Club Espanol last Thursday evening. He told of the changes taking place in Spain and of the program the government intends to adopt in the future.

Officers for the coming year were

The PARK LANE Inn

21st and Pa. Ave. N. W.
Breakfast—Lunch—Dinner
Open Sundays and Holidays
Mrs. H. Pieper, Proprietress

elected following the lecture. Raymond Mealy was re-elected president; John Keesey, vice president; Lelia Fern, secretary, and John Buckingham, treasurer.

Ruediger Talks Before Baltimore Teachers

Dr. William Carl Ruediger, dean of the School of Education, delivered an address before the public school teachers of Baltimore in that city last Tuesday afternoon. His topic was "Professional Progress in Teaching."

BOOKS

College and miscellaneous books of all kinds. Student supplies

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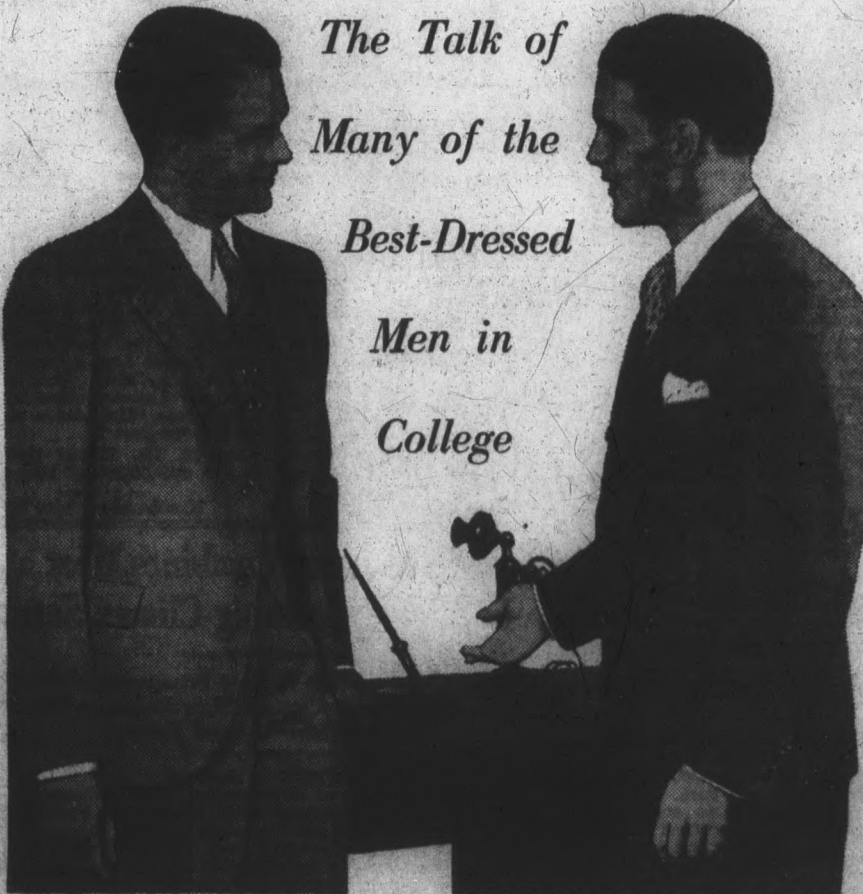
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Colonial Swimmers Win 5 District Titles and Set 4 New Records

District A. A. U. Victory Copped By Tank Team

Buff and Blue Obtains 43 Points to Win; Ambassador Second, With 14

CAPTAIN ROTE STARS

Vedder, McMillan, Ghormley, and Hain Score in Brilliant Triumph

By BILL MARTIN

Four District tank records and five titles accounted for a brilliant victory for Colonial swimmers when they easily copped the District A. A. U. championship trophy at the Shoreham pool Saturday night. The Buff and Blue swimmers won with 43 points, Ambassador placed second with 14, Central finished third with 11, and Shoreham trailed next with 10.

Captain Max Rote, undefeated 50 and 100-yard free-style ace, churned his way to a new District record in the 100-yard free style when he swam the distance in 57.4-5 seconds to break his own record by 3.5 seconds. Rote only missed the high-point honor when he was disqualified in his favorite role, the 50-yard free style, for failing to touch the end wall. Henry Vedder, G. W. star, was awarded the prize. The time was 26 seconds.

Ghormley Sets Mark

Dyer Ghormley, versatile record holder, added another speed mark to his collection when he stroked home in the 220-yard breaststroke in 2 minutes 59.2-5 seconds, to surpass John Mayhew's 1930 record by 12 seconds.

George Washington's foursome, composed of McMillan, Vedder, Ghormley, and Rote, surged through the 200-yard relay for a new mark in 1 minute 46.3-5 seconds, 3.2-5 seconds faster than the former record held by the Ambassador. Central High, the nearest opponent, drifted a length and a half behind.

John Hain, consistent 150-yard back-stroker, and Henry Vedder, 100-yard free-style artist, swam close seconds in their respective contests.

Friday night was devoted to elimination of weaker swimmers, while Saturday night marked the final contests between the stronger contestants. Eleven records were shattered during the two nights, four of which fell under the strokes of Colonial mermen in their dethronement of the Ambassador Club, 1932 champion.

Summaries:

50-YARD FREE STYLE—Won by Henry Vedder (G. W.); second, Vincent Gomez (Ambassador); third, Dyer Ghormley (G. W.). Time, 26 seconds.

220-YARD FREE STYLE—Won by Beverly Carter (unattached); second, Gordon Wood (Central); third, Thornton Burns (Shoreham). Time, 2 minutes 59.2-5 seconds.

150-YARD BACK STROKE—Won by Bob Verele (Duke); second, John Hain (G. W.); third, Bill Fite (Ambassador). Time, 1 minute 56.1-5 seconds.

100-YARD FREE STYLE—Won by Max Rote (G. W.); second, Henry Vedder (G. W.); third, Beverly Carter (unattached). Time, 57.4-5 seconds.

220-YARD BREAST STROKE—Won by Dyer Ghormley (G. W.); second, Arnold Wilcox (Shoreham); third, James Kinsler (G. W.). Time, 2 minutes 59.2-5 seconds.

200-YARD RELAY—Won by George Washington (Bob McMillan, Henry Vedder, Dyer Ghormley and Max Rote); second, Central; third, Ambassador. Time, 1 minute 46.3-5 seconds.

DIVING—Won by John Broadus (Ambassador), 123.31 points; second, Norman Smith (Ambassador); third, Mahlen Glascock (unattached).

Close Contest Won By Junior College

Scores Second Victory in as Many Starts, With Four Runs in Sixth

By JOHN BUSICK

The Junior College nine made it two victories in as many starts in the intramural league yesterday by scoring a 5-3 triumph over the three-time champion Columbian team. Trailing in the sixth, 3-1, Manager Young's boys suddenly came to life and tallied four runs on as many hits to grab the lead which they held until the end of the game.

In the final round the Columbians threatened when Bacchus reached first on a muffed grounder, advanced to third on Bradford's roller, where he died as Mazourek tightened and retired the side.

Mazourek deserved to win his game as he fanned seven and allowed four clean hits, but until the deciding sixth frame, his mates were of little aid.

The fielding feature of the contest was provided by Tommy Niles, Junior left fielder, who raced far to his left to grab Bradford's liner in the third which was ticketed for a triple when it left the bat. Finis Parrish, of grid fame, with a three-bagger and a single, and two nobby catches in the outfield, was the Columbian's shining light.

Varsity Golf Try-outs

Captain Bill Coleman of the varsity golf team announces that try-outs for the four positions on the team and the single alternate will be held Thursday and Friday of this week. Each candidate must play 18 holes medal play each day on the East Potomac course, starting at 8 o'clock.

Greek Baseballers Play Initial Games In Cup Competition

Pitchers Show Form in Dominating Batters as Griffith, Hoffman Shine

League A	W. L.	League B	W. L.
S. A. E.	1 0	S. M. S.	1 0
S. N.	1 0	P. E.	1 0
P. S. K.	1 0	Acacia	1 0
K. S.	0 1	D. T. D.	0 1
S. X.	0 1	K. A.	0 1
T. U. O.	0 1	T. D. X.	0 1

Interfraternity baseball was ushered in Sunday with varied exhibitions of good and bad playing. S. A. E., S. N., P. S. K., S. M. S., S. P. E., and Acacia were the victorious teams in the opening matches.

Featuring a barrage of 18 hits, S. A. E. swamped T. U. O., 26-5, while Durham and Sheiry kept the opposition's hits well scattered.

In an overtime game, Sigma Nu came from behind to defeat Kappa Sig 5-4. Scoring four runs in the fifth inning to create a tie, S. N. bunched hits in the extra inning to score a victory. Relieving Dooze in the fourth inning with his team behind 0-4, Crouch kept the Kappa Sig batters well under control, finishing the contest by striking out three men in the last inning.

P. S. K. Blanks S. X.

P. S. K. had an easy time with S. X., scoring a shutout, 17-0. Monroe and Parker, Phi Sig pitchers, completely dominated the play, allowing few hits.

Acacia and D. T. D. provided a relief from the usual style of slugging contests by exhibiting a 3-0 score in favor of the Acacians. Griffith of Acacia allowed nary a hit in four and one-half innings, while McCarver was touched for only four hits. Hits by Wooley, Walker, and Griffith, together with a fielder's choice, accounted for the three-run score in the third inning. Lack of time caused the game to be stopped at four and a half innings.

Hoffman, S. M. S. pitcher, struck out 11 batters to help subdue T. D. X., 11-2, in a game closer than the score reveals. The score was 3-2 in the sixth inning, when S. M. S. came through with four runs. Payne's four hits and

Hetzel Pitches No-Hit, No-Run Game

Engineer Pitcher Fans 17 as Mates Easily Crush Pharmacists, 23-0

Lowell Hetzel entered the halls of the local baseball mighty last Saturday when he pitched the Engineers to a no-hit, no-run game over the Pharmacy School nine. The score was 23-0.

Hetzel was in such fine form and had the opposing batters so completely at his mercy that not a ball was hit out of the infield. Seventeen men were retired on strikes, and the only man to reach first got there by virtue of the single walk that the bespectacled West Virginian granted.

While the Engineer twirler was holding the enemy scoreless, his mates jumped on Geiger in the third and fourth innings, batting completely around each time, and netted six runs in the third and five in the fourth. Herbert held the scoring to comparatively low proportions in the fifth and sixth innings, but five hits and two errors accounted for seven runs in the last frame.

Hetzel also led his team at bat with a home run, a double and a single. Baldwin at short for the Engineers played well defensively and contributed two hits. Vogt and Bray played the best ball for the Pharmacists.

Score by innings:
Pharm. 000 000 0—0
Engin. 006 532 7—23

Baldwin's home run featured the batting.

S. P. E., with Howell pitching, outplayed K. A. to win, 14-6. Outfield work was ragged and the score was consistent with the errors.

Boxing Meet Postponed

The boxing tourney scheduled for April 6 when the mitt-wielders of G. W. and the Y. M. C. A. were to have participated in a dual competition, has been postponed until April 22. Coach Harry Kleiman, of the Squared Circle, wishes to have more candidates for the feather, light, and heavy weight groups and to give his inexperienced men more opportunity for drills before entering the match.

Colonial Racketers Meet Baltimoreans Saturday Afternoon

Robinson in First Position as Coach Farrington's Crew Opens Season

Following three weeks of preparation, Coach Farrington's varsity tennis squad makes its debut Saturday against the Johns Hopkins net team in Baltimore. Although dropping last year's match to the Baltimoreans, the Colonial racketers have shown well to date and with a nucleus of four veterans on hand, Farrington is extremely anxious to avenge last season's defeat and begin an auspicious campaign for his charges.

Randy Robinson, who ranked No. 3 on the '32 aggregation and who lost his only match while playing as No. 1 man, will undoubtedly play in the honor or second position. This steady, reliable player will be aided by the Sherfey brothers and Dewitt Bennett from last year, and by such outstanding men from the present squad as Clyde Smith, Teddy Pierce, Reuben Moore, Jim Donoghue, and Ken Murayama.

Competitive matches among the newcomers placed Pierce at the top with victories over Murayama and Moore, following the latter's victory over Donoghue. Clyde Smith, intramural singles champ and a well known figure in District tennis circles, has seen little service with the squad, but is expected to round into form this week.

At present Farrington is negotiating with the St. John's of Annapolis team for a match to be played on the latter's courts. This brings the schedule total to nine contests, six being at home and three on foreign fields.

JENNER'S
1819 G Street

Lunch 25c
Dinner 35c

Both will please you

Bergman Presents Footballs to Herald All-District Eleven

All-District football teams are still being publicized by the local press. During the past week the 1932 edition of the Washington Herald's official selections received their gold footballs, and subsequently were photographed for this paper.

A. J. (Dutch) Bergman, Catholic University grid mentor, made the presentations in the Herald offices on H street last Friday night. Besides Walter Slaird, Kermit (Zuzu) Stewart, Frank Blackstone, Fred Mulvey, and John Fenlon, of George Washington, the following other local celebrities were recognized: Dick Danner, guard, Georgetown; Tom Whelan, back, C. U.; Vincent Fratz, end, C. U.; Al Woods, quarterback, Maryland; "Bus" Sheary, fullback, C. U.; and Phil Gross, tackle, C. U.

These selections were made at a special dinner given to local grid coaches last season by the Hearst contingent in Washington. Hagerty of Georgetown, Pixlee of George Washington, Young of American, Bergman of Catholic University, Hughes of Gallaudet, and Byrd of Maryland constituted the board of judges.

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20TH & G STREETS
SERVICE 7:30 A. M. TO 7:30 P. M.

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STRAYER COLLEGE

STRAYER COLLEGE

HOMER BUILDING
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That's a very simple question to answer. The stem in a tobacco leaf, like the stem in most other plants, is "woody". It hasn't any of the flavor or the aroma that you want when you smoke. And it doesn't burn right.

So after tobacco has been properly aged, one of the first things to do is to remove the stems.

But what has this to do with your enjoyment of Chesterfield cigarettes? Just this. It means that we start right when we make Chesterfield—the right kind of leaf with the stem removed, the right manufacture—everything that science knows that can make CHESTERFIELD a milder cigarette, a cigarette that tastes better.

That's why people say "They Satisfy."

Tobacco used to be stemmed by hand—Now this machine stems 14,300 leaves every hour.

Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

SOCIETY

Easter Vacation Springs Into View With Dainty Informal Events, Teas, Dashing Dances Bidding for Interest

Pi Delta Epsilon, Varsity, Frish, House Hops Are Planned

"O joyous Easter" is the password this week. And a joyous season it will be, if the ambitious social committees have their way.

Frish Set Precedent For Future Matriculants

The first freshman dance within the vague memories of the oldest inhabitants will be held Wednesday evening, April 19, at Meridian Mansions. Sam Walker is in charge of arrangements, and announces that Knapp-Davis will furnish the music from 9 to 12:30.

Pi Delta Epsilon, national honorary journalistic fraternity, will sponsor a dance April 21, in Corcoran 10, for the

After College WHAT?



Aviation?

E. E. Wyman, Assistant to the President, Pan-American Airways System, says: "Aviation is sympathetic to the college graduate who has prepared himself. It demands, however, serious and thorough preparation: technical training, a natural aptitude for constant study of problems and conditions, and a natural enthusiasm for the tasks it develops."

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Only in Edgeworth will you find that indefinable distinctiveness that is brought about by a special blending of fine old burleys. That's why leading colleges have chosen it as their favorite tobacco.

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*A recent investigation showed Edgeworth the favorite smoke at 42 out of 54 leading colleges.

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Authorized Events

The following social functions have been authorized for the coming fortnight by the calendar committee of the Student Council:

Tuesday, April 11
Symphony Club tea (silver)—Chi Omega rooms.

Saturday, April 15
Kappa Alpha dance—House.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon dance—House.

Monday, April 17
Pi Beta Phi scrip dance—Corcoran Hall.

Wednesday, April 19
Columbian Women's banquet.
Freshman dance—2400 Sixteenth street.

Alpha Chi Sigma dinner dance—Broadmoor.

Friday, April 21
Pi Delta Epsilon scrip dance—Corcoran Hall.

Saturday, April 22
Acacia dance—House.
Theta Delta Chi dance—House.
Commerce and Economics Fraternity scrip dance—Phi Sigma Kappa House.

purpose of raising expense money for the high school press convention to be staged next month. The scribe pledges, with Everett Woodward in charge, are handling arrangements for the dance. Bobby Ford's Serenaders have been engaged to deliver the melodies.

The Varsity Club will hold its Easter vacation dance at the Varsity House on West street tomorrow evening, April 12, from 10:30 to 1:30 o'clock. Music is to be furnished by Rodney Hart and his Vikings, seven-piece dance orchestra of radio fame, obtained through the courtesy of the American Broadcasting Company. The dance will be a strictly closed affair, admission being attained solely upon presentation of a written invitation from some member of the club.

The Varsity Club plans to make this

an annual affair, and the dance will usher in a series of social functions which are to be given later on in the spring.

Theta Delta Chi will hold its spring formal April 22 at the house.

Sigma Chi will hold its annual Greenwich Village party April 15.

Cercle Francaise Initiates, Feeds

Le Cercle Francaise Universitaire announces the initiation of Helen Waters, Fred Stevenson, Earl Hackworth, Helen Jones, Edith Proffitt, Ella Anderson, Barbara Crosser, John Hill, Maryanne Stamm, and Barbara Brown in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms on Sunday afternoon.

The initiation ceremony was followed by a buffet supper.

Pi Beta Phi announces the initiation of Audrey Edmonds, Edith Bruce, Helen Hodgkins, Nancy Jennings, Virginia Jones, Eldridge Loeffler, Lucille McGehee, Ruth McNary, Jane McKnew, Marjorie Nelson, Mary K. Spinks, Sally Trotter, Kay Welling, and Dorothy Willard. The ceremony was held at the Kennedy-Warren on Saturday, April 8, and was followed by a banquet in honor of the initiates.

Delta Zeta formally pledged Virginia Siebecker Thursday afternoon, April 6.

At its regular meeting Sunday afternoon, April 9, Delta Tau Delta elected the following officers for the next year: William Beryl Hix, president; Harvey Wade Mann, vice president; Lawson McKenzie, recording secretary; Wayne Lincoln, corresponding secretary; John B. Adams, treasurer; Kenneth Patrum, assistant treasurer; Wayne Lincoln, guide; Donald Blake, doorman, and Everett Harry Woodward, interfraternity delegate.

Alpha Delta Theta elected the following officers Monday, April 8: Deborah Daniel, president; Florence Hedges, vice president; Beatrice Hoffman, recording secretary; Margaret Miller, corresponding secretary; Elizabeth Cotton, treasurer; Marion Moncure, historian.

The chapter entertained the old and new officers at dinner in the rooms Monday, April 10, before the installation service.

Phi Alpha Delta, legal fraternity, entertained members and friends at informal dinner on Monday.

The pledges of Zeta Tau Alpha entertained the actives and their dates at a goat show and radio party Friday night, April 7.

Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows entertained at luncheon at the A. A. U. Friday, Dr. Ethel Waring, director of the Nursery School and of the Child Development Court at Cornell University.

The Newman Club gave a tea at Mt. Cavett Inn at College Park, Md., Sunday, April 9. Catholic students from the University of Maryland and George Washington University attended. The social hour was given to acquainting the students of the two universities.

Personals

Alpha Epsilon Phi announces the engagement of Ruth Leon to Edwin Laventstein.

Dolly Tschiffely and Ruth Griggs spent the week end in New York and Huntington, Long Island, where they visited Dorothy Albert Curtis, a G. W. graduate, former editor of the Hatchet.

Betty Chamblin, alumnae advisor, was a guest at dinner in the Phi Mu rooms Monday, April 13.

WHAT'S THE RUSH? She's hurrying to get



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Sports Managers Now to Be Named By New Methods

Constitution Amendment Allows Participants to Vote for Manager

The managerial appointment system of the Women's Athletic Association was changed in an amendment to the constitution at the meeting Wednesday night, April 5. Following this, installation of the new officers took place.

Under the new system the president of W. A. A. will receive all applications for managerships, from which a committee made up of the director of physical education, coach of the sport, president of W. A. A., and the past manager of the sport will make nominations. From these nominees, a manager will be elected by a vote of all people who participated in the sport during the past season.

Under the old system the head of the department assisted by the coach of the sport made all appointments.

It was also voted to adopt a Women's Athletic Association emblem to be given to each person who becomes a member of the association in the future. A committee was appointed by the president to select the new emblem.

Fourth Place Given Women Marksmen

Corea High Scorer for Team in National Intercollegiate Match

In competition with teams from all over the United States, The George Washington University women's rifle team won fourth place in the national intercollegiate championship match. Those who placed first, second, and third were: The University of Washington, University of Vermont, and the University of Maryland. This contest consisted of three stages, with two targets to a stage.

On the G. W. team, Corea shot the highest score in any of the three stages with 199 points out of a possible 200.

The total number of points made by the four leading teams were as follows:
University of Washington.....2,978
University of Vermont.....2,970
University of Maryland.....2,968
G. Washington University.....2,941

	1	2	3
Kerr	198	196	
Myers	197	196	
Raysor	197	195	197
R. White	197	197	197
Dillman	196		
Yauch		196	197
Thomas			197
Corea			199
Total	985	980	987

EROU Fashions this spring can make us look like an enticing lady or a regretful husky. Boldness of line and color give one a certain filip which is irresistible. The accessories are especially fetching.

At Garfinkel's, I found an amazing assortment of blouses in all colors to give a flip contrast to your suit. They have purses for \$3, too, that are honies. And woe is me—organdy hankies in pastels! I saw the pique gloves that have made such a furor, there. Buy them with hat and collar to match.

At Woodward and Lothrop's, I saw square enameled compacts with elder-down puffs for \$1—they come in all colors. Get one to match your purse or hat. If you're a little weary of scarfs, try one in striped chiffon tied under your chin. A Roman striped ribbon will give you that roamin' look, too. Cherry blossom time is white jewelry time at Woodward and Lothrop's, and for you, too, my dears.

Did you know that you can get hand-made hats to order at Francine's on F street, and very reasonably? And small flags of the most expensive perfume for very little at Jelleff's is a great boon.

Here's a tip—if you can't wear gray, try rose beige with black accessories. And another—Eleanor blue with pale pink chiffon and for accent buy yourself a bunch of violets.

At the hunter trials at Bradley Farms, I saw many skirts with sweaters in solid colors, and horsey tweed coats. There, one pretty lady wore a dark blue coat with a red belt, a large red purse and a blue hat with a red leather band and, whoops! a bunch of red cherries. There was a black suit that was, oh, so smart! Had white stripes about two inches apart, a knee-length coat and wide white pique revers that were the epitome of smartness.

Look your prettiest Easter morn—and here's to bigger and better corages. Happy Easter!

YVONNE.

Spanish Club Elects Mealy for President

For the fourth consecutive time, Raymond J. Mealy has been elected president of El Club Espanol at its last meeting, Thursday, April 6. First chosen in 1929, when Senorita Ahumada, professor of Spanish and faculty advisor, reorganized the club, Mr. Mealy served in the same capacity in 1930, '31, and '32.

Members insist that the success of the club is no less due to his executive ability than to his perseverance and loyalty. From a small group of Spanish students, the organization has grown until it is recognized by the whole University as well as representatives of the Spanish-speaking countries in the city.

Plays at Panhel



EDDIE POOLE.

Who will direct his college club orchestra for the Panhellenic Prom at the Shoreham Hotel April 28.

Following several engagements playing for Panhellenic and fraternity functions at colleges in North and South Carolina, Eddie will bring to Washington his fifteen-piece band, including a "torch singer." His own amplifying system will add materially to the music and vocal interpretations. Special arrangements and lighting effects will aid in presenting a colorful program of delightful dance music.

Eddie Poole's hobby since earliest childhood has been music, and he early became prominent as a concert banjoist. While attending N. C. State, where he is now working for a master's degree, he organized his orchestra, which specializes in dreamy music and restrained tempos. His jolly personality has made him popular on his own campus and everywhere he has played.

White House Lunch To Be Given Today

Mrs. Vinnie Giffen Barrows will be hostess to all women in the University who wish to attend a White House luncheon which will be held in Lambie House at noon, today. Anyone wishing to attend is asked to sign up on the Lambie House bulletin board.

In presenting the luncheon, Mrs. Barrows desired to give an exact reproduction of the now famed Eleanor Roosevelt White House luncheons. With this in mind, she talked to Mrs. Nesbit,

the White House housekeeper, concerning a real Eleanor Roosevelt lunch. As a result, the following menu will be offered: Rinktime ditty on toast, Eleanor cookies and apple sauce and Russian tea.

At this time, Mrs. Barrows will discuss and suggest ways by which University women can cooperate with Columbian women in making Lambie House more attractive.

... HOW can you beat it?

DANCING

To Pete Macias and his Orchestra while you dine.

ENTERTAINMENT

Two Orchestras and Broadway Floor Revue—continuous entertainment.

DINNER

A special deluxe Dinner prepared by our famous chef—a truly tempting menu.

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Of course, we now serve you REAL BEER at all times.

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Order Your Easter Corsage Now!
Send it Early Sunday Morning!

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If you're home or going home for the Easter holiday—you'll want to go places—and here's a

Junior Deb
Evening Gown
\$12.75

A fortunate coincidence brings your Spring holiday and Jelleff's Anniversary simultaneously! Something new, smart and different is the gay evening gown sketched. Its red and white crisp mousseline de soie, puff sleeves, wide, gracefully flaring skirt, and smart decolette—just the gown you'll adore for sorority dances, proms and Easter holiday affairs. Regularly \$18.50.

Junior Deb Shop, 5th Floor

Junior Deb Dresses for Sports, Evening or Street Wear!

\$5

Dozens of Exciting New Styles!

—Pleated Apron Frocks, introduced by Chanel and Mainbocher at the last Paris openings—here for \$5!
—Prints galore!—the new tiny flower prints, checks and dots!
—Plain sheers—fresh and springlike with their touches of crisp organdy!
—Jacket Frocks—lots of them—prints, plain crepes, prints and plain combined.
—Cape Frocks—youth and dashing!
—Sunday Night Frocks—one darling style with contrasting silk pique top!
—Every Spring Color—bright colors, pastels, navy, black and brown!

Jr. Deb Sizes, 11 to 17



Sigma Kappa Wins First Tennis Match

Defeats Phi Delta in Opening Round of Intramural Tournament

The women's intramural tennis tournament got under way with the playing of the Sigma Kappa-Phi Delta game on Friday, April 7, which the former won by scores of 6-3, 6-4.

In the other games scheduled for last week, Zeta Tau Alpha defaulted to Alpha Delta Pi and Delta Zeta defaulted to Phi Delta. The games scheduled for Thursday were postponed due to rain and will be rescheduled later in the month.

The following is the schedule for the remainder of April: Tuesday, April 11, Chi Omega vs. Phi Mu, Delta Zeta vs. Kappa Delta, Phi Delta vs. Alpha Epsilon Phi; Monday, April 10, Alpha Delta Theta vs. Phi Mu, Pi Beta Phi vs. Alpha Epsilon Phi; Thursday, April 20, Kappa Kappa Gamma vs. Alpha Delta Theta, Alpha Delta Pi vs. Phi Sigma Sigma, Sigma Kappa vs. Zeta Tau Alpha; Friday, April 21, Sigma Kappa vs. Alpha Epsilon Phi; Monday, April 24, Kappa Delta vs. Phi Sigma Sigma, Pi Beta Phi vs. Zeta Tau Alpha; Tuesday, April 25, Chi Omega vs. Alpha Delta Theta, Delta Zeta vs. Phi Sigma Sigma, Phi Delta vs. Pi Beta Phi; Thursday, April 27, Zeta Tau Alpha vs. Alpha Epsilon Phi.

Horseshoe Tournament Soon

Ruth Young is in charge of the tournament and should be consulted in cases of default and questions of schedule. The deadline for default is 10 a. m. on game day. All games are to be played at 1 o'clock on the Seventeenth street courts.

The horseshoe tournament, to be managed by Caroline Becker, will begin as soon as its arrangements are completed. Schedules are to be announced at a later date.

The leagues are as follows: League 1, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Phi Sigma Sigma, Sigma Kappa and Delta Zeta; League 2, Pi Beta Phi, Zeta Tau Alpha, Chi Omega and Phi Delta; League 3, Kappa Delta, Alpha Delta Theta, Alpha Delta Pi, Alpha Epsilon Phi, and Phi Mu.

REVISION IS PASSED BY COUNCIL; FESLER RHINEHART TO SPEAK

(Continued from Page 1.) posed system of reorganization and presented his arguments in favor of the new system.

FESLER RAPS COUNCIL
Chairman Clara Critchfield of Speakers' Congress invited Editor Fesler to give his opinions on the matter. Fesler pointed out that "what the Student Council should have done and failed to do were not disciplinary or regulatory functions. They failed to care for the band, the carnival, or the mud-hole in back of Corcoran Hall... Those are their functions... They don't fill their functions; and when they need help, they call in the heads of activities, the very heads whom we want to have as members under the plan of reorganization."

CONGRESS ACTS
John Barbers, Speakers' Congress member from New York State, presented the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Speakers' Congress favors the immediate reorganization of the Student Council as explained in the April 4 edition of The Hatchet; and

Be it further resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to go before the Student Council at its meeting on April 5 and urge the adoption of the new plan."

Barber's resolution was passed by Speakers' Congress, Barnhart casting the only dissenting vote.

Later in the evening the compromise Billings Bill was passed.

RHINEHART ADDRESSES FROSH

Action for immediate reorganization was precipitated last Wednesday when President Bullard, of the freshman class, invited Walter Rhinehart, staunch advocate of the new system, to address the class on "Reorganization." Three hundred frosh attended the meeting as Rhinehart took the stump to open up the 1933 political campaign for Student Council seats. The stocky candidate opened his speech by denying there was any issue between The Hatchet and the council.

The well-known columnist and political leader then explained that the only difference between the council and The Hatchet editor wanted immediate action, while the council thinks time a necessary factor to bring about a change.

"UNACQUAINTED, UNWILLING"

"For three years the present representative elective council from the various schools has been in existence. When we put the period on that sentence we have told its history, value, and accomplishments," thundered Rhinehart.

Rhinehart became caustic at this point, stating that the "primary purpose of the council is to govern activities, and how a body, composed of people who, for the most part, are totally unacquainted and unwilling to make such acquaintance of activities can govern such is an unsolved mystery."

Rhinehart continued by explaining the new system of reorganization and closed by saying:

The new plan "merely places in the hands of the activities their own privilege; namely, that of governing themselves."

Mortar and Pestle Plans Initiation Dinner Thursday

The Mortar and Pestle Society, honorary pharmacy fraternity, will hold an initiation dinner at the Kennedy-Warren Thursday, April 13, at 8:00 o'clock. The following will be initiated into active membership: Elsworth Broy, Walter Nicklin, Royce Franzoni, Ralph Boyer, and Theodore Ginsberg.

Alpha Lambda Delta Holds Joint Initiation

Rae Potter, Dorothy Clay, Mary Ferry, Winifred Reeves, Marjorie Nelson, and Marjorie Sehorn were initiated into Alpha Lambda Delta, national honorary freshmen women's scholastic sorority, at a ceremony held jointly with the Maryland University chapter of the organization at the Kennedy-Warren on Thursday, April 6.

Adele Stamp, dean of women at Maryland, was honorary speaker at the banquet which followed, her subject being "The Importance of Education." Miss Stamp in her speech stressed the obligation of the college woman to leadership.

Evelyn Brumbaugh, president of Alpha Lambda Delta at Maryland University, and Jane Edwards, president of the local chapter, acted as toast-mistresses.

Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows welcomed the Maryland chapter and the new initiates in a short address.

Fesler Will Speak Before Liberalists

Club to Have Open Hearing for Plans for Student Government

C. Manley Fesler will present his criticism of the present Student Council at the symposium on "Plans for Student Government," which the Liberal Club is holding Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in W-17.

At this open hearing, Robert Shostack and Ben Hope of the Liberal Club, and several members of the Speakers' Congress are also going to present their plans for an improved student governing body.

Invitations to participate have been sent to a number of clubs on campus. The Liberal Club urges the attendance of everyone who has constructive ideas to offer and assures that there will be given ample opportunity to give the details of any and all.

Smithsonian Shows Bartsch's Collection

Weird Specimens Gathered on Recent Caribbean Expedition

In the main lobby of the Smithsonian Institution, one will now see an array of the weirdest sea creatures one has ever seen. They are some of the specimens collected by Dr. Paul Bartsch, professor of zoology, on his recent Smithsonian-Johnson expedition to the Caribbean Sea.

The collection includes many new species and genuses of doubtful category. It seems almost incredible that in these deep-sea forms we should find such things as the flying fish; the Xenophora Longi, which is described as "the only specimen known except the types in the United States National Museum."

No less curious than themselves are the names of these animals, aptly describing their peculiarities. Thus, we find bat fish, lantern fish, deep-sea ghost, double-nosed peristidion, long-toothed viper fish, hatchet fish, "the eaters of stars," and so on.

Among the more interesting of the new species is the Clara Johnsoni. And in the Triacanthidae, we have both a new genus and new species. Not a few of the creatures have been unidentified as yet, and it is possible that among them there will be a sufficient number to either create new genuses or species, or to bring about a revision of some of them.

GLEE CLUBS' ANNUAL CONCERT AND DANCE PLANNED FOR MAY 2

(Continued from page 1)

ton Auditorium, the Chevy Chase Seminary, the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church, and at numerous State society balls. One of the highlights of the season was the appearance of the men's club at the Inaugural Ball. The men's club also appeared several times over radio stations WMAL and WRC.

International Clubs Hear Dr. Popovici

Dr. Andrei Popovici, first secretary of the Roumanian Legation, will address the International Relations Club, and the International Students Society, Tuesday, April 11, in W-15, at 8 p. m. His subject will be "The New Little Entente."

With the experience of a learned scholar well versed in diplomatic affairs, Dr. Popovici will delineate his subject from the point of view of the significance of the new pact signed by the Little Entente last February; and also its effect diplomatically and politically in international affairs.

Dr. Popovici received his law degree from the Academy of Law at Oradai, Roumania. He completed his studies in this country, receiving his M. A. in diplomatic history from Western Reserve, Cleveland, and his Ph.D. in foreign relations from Georgetown. He has embodied a great deal of his political experience and knowledge in several books in the field of political science, the most recent being, "The Political Status of Basarabia."

An open forum will be held after the address.

Phi Eta Sigma Has Initiation Ceremony

Nine members were initiated into Phi Eta Sigma, national honorary fraternity for freshman men, at a banquet held at the Lee House on Wednesday, April 5.

The new initiates are Willard Bohall, Warren Churchill, Benjamin Davis, Selby Davis, Joseph Friedman, Robert Hankins, Howard Hartman, Henry Lepper, Lawrence Raper.

Toastmaster Joseph Danzansky introduced the speakers, Dean Henry Gratton Doyle, and Prof. Elmer Louis Kayser.

Newly elected officers of the organization are Sylvan Steiner, president; Robert Hankins, vice president; Fred Stevenson, secretary-treasurer; Stearns McNeil, senior advisor; Prof. Henry G. Roberts, faculty advisor.

Tarshes Body Sent Home for Interment

The body of Joseph Tarshes, the George Washington University graduate, who was found shot to death near Vienna, Austria, a few weeks ago, was sent to the United States and interred April 4 at the Adas Israel Cemetery, in Commerce Heights.

Omicron Mu Sigma, the dead youth's social fraternity, sent its representatives to console the bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Tarshes, of 1707 Lanier Place, northwest.

According to Benjamin Tarshes, a brother, the boy's death has not been satisfactorily explained, to date. In an interview granted a Hatchet reporter, Mr. Tarshes stated that he had no reason to believe his brother would commit suicide. The State Department here, he said, has instructed the American Consul in Vienna for a complete report on Tarshes' death.

Tarshes' two companions are being held by the prefect of the Austrian police, pending investigations into the activities of the trio when they went into the nearby mountains for the week-end hike which culminated with Tarshes' tragic end.

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18TH AT G STREET
SUNDAY DINNER 45c

DEAN DOYLE THIRD SPEAKER ON RADIO WEEKLY FORUM HOUR

(Continued from page 1)

Douglas Bement, "The Short Story and Other Literary Pains;" June 1, Dr. Charles E. Hill, "The Rise of J. Ramsey McDonald;" June 15, Prof. Willard Yeager, "Congressional Oratory;" June 22, Dr. William C. French, "A Geologist's Paradise;" July 6, Dr. Robert Griggs, "The Nitrogen Problem;" July 13, Dudley Willard, "A Problem in Human Misery;" July 20, Dr. Collin Mackall, "Forum Alchemist to Chemist;" July 27, Dr. A. Curtis Wilgus, "Our Pan-American Neighbors."

LEARN TO SWIM

At HARVARD HALL. Expert instruction—special G. W. student rate. Afternoon and evening classes now forming. See Mr. Jones or Laverton, Corcoran Hall, Rm. 16, MWF, 5 p. m., or call Col. 5714.

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It's Fun to be Fooled..

TODAY'S SHOW MYSTERIOUS BALL ROLLS UPHILL

I SAW A MAGICIAN MAKE A BALL ROLL UPHILL LAST NIGHT...WITHOUT TOUCHING IT. HE WAS SIMPLY WONDERFUL

WHAT SHE SAW—THE PERFORMER MAKES A BALL DEFEY GRAVITY AND ROLL UP AN INCLINE AT HIS BIDDING. IT PAUSES, ROLLS DOWN, ROLLS UP AGAIN—OBEYING EVERY ORDER OF THE MAGICIAN

DID HE DO IT BY RADIO REMOTE CONTROL OR THOUGHT WAVES? THAT'S THE BUNK GRACE. HERE'S THE REAL LOW-DOWN...

THE MAGICIAN DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH MAKING THE BALL PERFORM. THERE WAS A CONTORTIONIST INSIDE IT. BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT IN THE BALL HE MADE IT GO.

MY GOODNESS BUT YOU'RE SMART, JOE. WOULD YOU HAVE A CIGARETTE? EXCUSE ME. I DON'T LIKE YOUR BRAND

BUT ISN'T THIS THE MILDEST KIND? THAT'S ANOTHER ILLUSION. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS? HERE, HAVE ONE OF MY CAMELS.

JOE, YOUR CAMEL IS Milder AND I LOVE THE TASTE, TOO. IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW ISN'T IT?

CAMELS are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are mild...easy on the throat. They give you more pleasure. Try Camels.

No tricks—just costlier tobaccos in Camels

Darling and Clark Presented Honors

Phi Theta Xi and Sigma Tau Awards Made at Annual Engineers' Banquet

H. Valpeau Darling, engineering senior, was awarded the Phi Theta Xi activities and scholarship plaque as "the most deserving senior in the School of Engineering," at the annual engineering banquet held Saturday night at the Mayflower Hotel.

The Sigma Tau medal, awarded annually to the engineering student who has maintained the highest scholastic average throughout the freshman year, was conferred upon Lester W. Clark.

One hundred and fifty alumni and students attended the banquet, at which Watson Davis, managing editor of "Science Service," and a graduate of the class of 1918, presided as toastmaster. President Cloyd Heck Marvin and Dean John R. Lapham brought greetings on behalf of the University.

Dr. Gregory Principal Speaker. The speaker of the evening, Dr. John H. Gregory, professor of civil and sanitary engineering at Johns Hopkins University and a member of the engineering advisory board of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, gave an interesting account of varied experiences during 38 years in the engineering profession.

Dr. Gregory emphasized the truth that the best thing that could happen to a young engineer starting out in the profession was "to be thrown upon his own," especially in technical problems involved in construction.

Representatives of the various engineering societies were guests of honor at the banquet. Alumni representation for this "Engineers' Homecoming" was large, including about one-fourth of those present.

An interesting feature of the occasion was the attendance of two sets of George Washington University fathers and sons—G. Chester Thom and his father, William C. Thom, B. S. in C. E. '04, C. E. '05; and Jules Phillips and his father, Irving B. Phillips.

Entertainment was provided by the Troubadour Trio, and George Reed, N. B. C. artist.

REORGANIZATION PLAN LISTS SEVEN POINTS

(Continued from page 1)
informed the Council of the indorsement given by the Speakers' Congress to the plan set forth in the April 4 issue of The Hatchet.

Nine Present Wednesday
Nine of the fourteen Council members were present at the meeting Wednesday evening—Elton Billings, Dorothy Neiss, Kathleen Watkins, Catherine Prichard, James Haley, Loren Murray, George Wenzl, Valpeau Darling, and Samuel Danno. All the members present voted for the Billings bill, except Miss Prichard. She was opposed to the bill on the ground that, first, the time remaining in the current year was too short for satisfactory organization of activities to elect representatives, and second, such a combined council had met with opposition from the activities when suggested during the recent hearings.

In accordance with one of the provisions of the Billings bill, the Student Council decided, that for the present, the following activities be included in the membership of the Council as ex-officio members: Men's athletics, women's athletics, debating or public speaking, dramatics, music, and publications.

It was also moved that the secretary of the Student Council address a letter to some responsible person of the organizations in question, advise them of the action of the Council, and suggest that they take immediate steps to elect a member.

Catherine Prichard did not vote on these two motions. The other members present were in accord.

Danno Makes Statement
Samuel Danno, representative of the Medical School, advocated a separate organization for Medical School students. He said:

"As a matter of fact, I have always thought that the Medical School is so situated geographically that they should be entirely separate. They should not have representation on the Student Council, but one of their own. They should have a little body of their own to take care of themselves. Our activities are so darn different. The Student Council said we could not hold a dance because something else was on. We held the dance and did not give a darn. Their activities are in the fraternities. The Medical School would like to get up and rebel against a few of the faculty's actions. If they had their own Student Council in the Medical School they could do something. They do not like to bring their troubles up here."

President Billings said there was nothing to prevent them from organizing such a thing. Danno said he thought they would.

In connection with the elections for Student Council, it was suggested by Miss Prichard that a voting booth be erected on the campus instead of at Lambie House as it was last year. It was felt that more people would be apt to vote passing to and from classes if a booth were in the yard. Billings recommended that a booth also be placed in Stockton Hall. Darling, chairman of the elections committee, said that they were not bound as to where they would place the booths, and that one would be placed in the yard if the weather permitted.

Managerships of Women's Sports Announced as Open

Gretchen Feiker, president of the Women's Athletic Association, announces that the managerships of hockey, soccer, basketball, volleyball, tennis, and intramurals are now open. Women interested should apply to Gretchen Feiker immediately.

Newman Club May Install at Maryland

As the initial step toward the establishment of a college Catholic club at the University of Maryland, the Newman Club at George Washington University was host to the students and faculty of that university, at a tea Sunday afternoon at Lord Calvert Inn, College Park.

Among the other guests were former members of the college Catholic clubs, usually called Newman Clubs, from the world over; and active members from nearby universities.

Leonard Ebel was elected president of the Newman Club for the coming year at its last meeting. The other officers are: Elizabeth Geiger, vice president; Gladys Thomas, treasurer; Austin Roe, recording secretary; James Maguire, corresponding secretary; Norbert Hipp, sergeant-at-arms, and the Rev. Dr. John Keating Cartwright was re-elected chaplain.

Wilbur McNellan, retiring president, was named publicity director for the Middle Atlantic Province of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs and transportation representative in Washington. He will assist those persons who are planning to attend the annual conference of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs in Atlantic City in July.

OLDEST COMMERCE FRATERNITY ACCEPTS UNIVERSITY PETITION

(Continued from page 1)
among students of economics and government.

In approving the application of the G. W. Commerce and Economics Fraternity, Alpha Kappa Psi officials were influenced by the maturity and business experience of most of the 40 members of the local group. More than two-thirds are employed, and many hold responsible positions in the Department of Commerce, the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Federal Reserve Board, Civil Service Commission, and at the White House.

UNIVERSITY QUEEN TO BE SELECTED AT JUNIOR WEEK-END

(Continued from Page 1.)

to decide the First Lady of the University who will be students at The George Washington University next year.

(1) Open to all women of the University who will be students at The George Washington University next year.

(2) Candidates must have a 2.0 average in scholarship.

(3) Candidates must have participated in at least one extra-curricular activity. Sorority affiliation does not constitute an extra-curricular activity.

(4) Candidates must present an application signed by fifty bona fide students from The George Washington University. The same signature on more than one application will void that signature on all.

(5) Applications must be in the hands of the Popularity Contest Committee by 5 p. m., April 28.

(6) Names of eligible candidates will be announced in the Tuesday, May 2, edition of The Hatchet.

(7) The time and place of voting will be announced at that time.

(8) The candidate with the highest number of votes will be crowned First Lady of the University, and the second and third place winners will act as her maids-of-honor.

(9) Any student in the University is eligible to vote in the contest.

Applications may be obtained today at the Junior Prom office, basement of Building N, 700 Twentieth street N. W. Field Day Planned.

John Everett, manager of Junior Week-end Field Day, has planned a "bring-your-own lunch" program to be held Saturday, May 13, at the Sixteenth and Kennedy street section of Rock Creek Park. As an added attraction to those who are interested in those things which go to make an interesting outdoor affair, Everett has arranged the following schedule:

1 p. m.—Girls' hockey.

2 p. m.—Baseball game between the Faculty and O. D. K.

3:30 p. m.—Tennis exhibitions by members of the Varsity tennis team, 1

Rehearsals for "Romantic Young Lady" To Reach Polishing Stage After Easter

Doris Thomas, Royal Gunnison, Leads, Rehearsing Three Nights a Week; April 19 Scheduled to Start Intensive Training Period

Three weeks of rehearsal finds the thespians of the Cue and Curtain cast for "The Romantic Young Lady" nearing the end of the second act. By the end of the Easter vacation the third act is expected to be complete. Rehearsals after April 19 will be most intensive and will consist of polishing and retouching difficult lines and action.

Up to the present, rehearsals have taken place three night a week, with Doris Thomas and Royal Gunnison, putting in extra time to perfect the coordination of their lead roles.

In brief, the story is of a romantically inclined beautiful Spanish maiden—none other than Doris Thomas—who has been restrained throughout her youthful years, and who, at the time the play opens, has leanings toward concerted action in obtaining romance of some sort. "The Apparition"

singles and 1 doubles matches.

3:30 p. m.—At the same time, there will be relay races for men and women; tug-of-war; 3-legged races; sack races, and so on.

Max Farrington, assistant director of athletics, has promised full cooperation with the Junior Week-end Committee. He will arrange for the tennis games, relay races, and tug-of-war.

Junior Prom Week-end committee is composed of the following: Louise Cox, Rhoda Blose, Sylvia Edlavitch, Theresa Herman, Margaret Leibler, John Barbers, Julia Fick, Platonia Papps, Fred Stevenson, John Turner, Franklin Backus, Kitty Phelps, Fred Rawlins, Elsie Francis, Dorothy Smith, Richard Creighton, Florence Hedges, Arthur Gough, Myrta Williams, and Naomi Myers.

or Senor de Cordoba—suavely played by Royal Gunnison—a young rising man of literature, one day in passing the open window of Senorita Rosario's boudoir, has his hat blown into her room. He promptly dashes through the window to recover the headpiece. . . . Well, the condition thus set up—a handsome young author in the boudoir of a restrained Spanish maiden of superlative beauty—has remarkable potentialities.

Rice Vivacious Character
A most interesting and vivacious character is that of Dona Barbarita—this the intelligent Betty Rice—who is Rosario's grandmother and who is continually relating to her granddaughter the loves of her youth. Witticisms flow prolifically from the dear old lady for three acts.

Rosario's three brothers . . . Wilburn West, Joe Danzansky, and Tom Taylor, respectively—offer caustic comments of a humorous nature that irk the "romantic young lady."

Amalia—dainty Ruth Molynaux—and Irene—Adele Gusack—present a tempting contrast in womanhood, the former being a siren-like opera singer who loves De Cordoba, and the latter, the young author's secretary, a sweet young girl.

Don Juan—in the person of Van Demark—is a rake grown old, who is hopelessly enamored of his friend, De Cordoba's secretary, Irene. Marie Pape—Margaret Gilligan—offers as a counterpoint to the sharp wit of her mistress, Dona Barbarita, her own peasant humor. Ludwig Caminita makes an admirable entrance in an "imperturbable" manner as the valet, Guillermo.

CIRCLE THEATRE

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TUES. & WED.—"NO MORE ORCHIDS." Carole Lombard, being careful only of her heart.

THURS.—"CHILD OF MANHATTAN." John Boles, Nancy Carroll. Three men; three kinds of love.

FRI.—"DANGEROUSLY YOURS." Warner Baxter. Lots of laughter, sizzle . . . and smooth love.

SAT.—"FACE IN THE SKY." Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon refuse to stick in a rut.

SUN. & MON.—"PRIVATE JONES." Lee Tracy caught in the draft. (Not a war picture.)

Mat. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

CHANGE YOUR DIET FOR A NIGHT

A new kind of food with a new kind of service . . . the Nicholas 35 and 45-cent dinners. They're different! And remember, no tipping, please.

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FOOD SHOPPE
Opposite Y. M. C. A.

Ever smoke "whittle" tobacco?

Well . . . here it is . . . already whittled FOR you. Granger Rough Cut is tobacco whittled right . . . that's one reason why it burns so slow and cool.

WHEN we started to make Granger Rough Cut we knew that fine tobacco burnt hot because it burnt so fast. It kept your pipe hot. You could hardly hold your pipe in your hand, it got so hot at times.

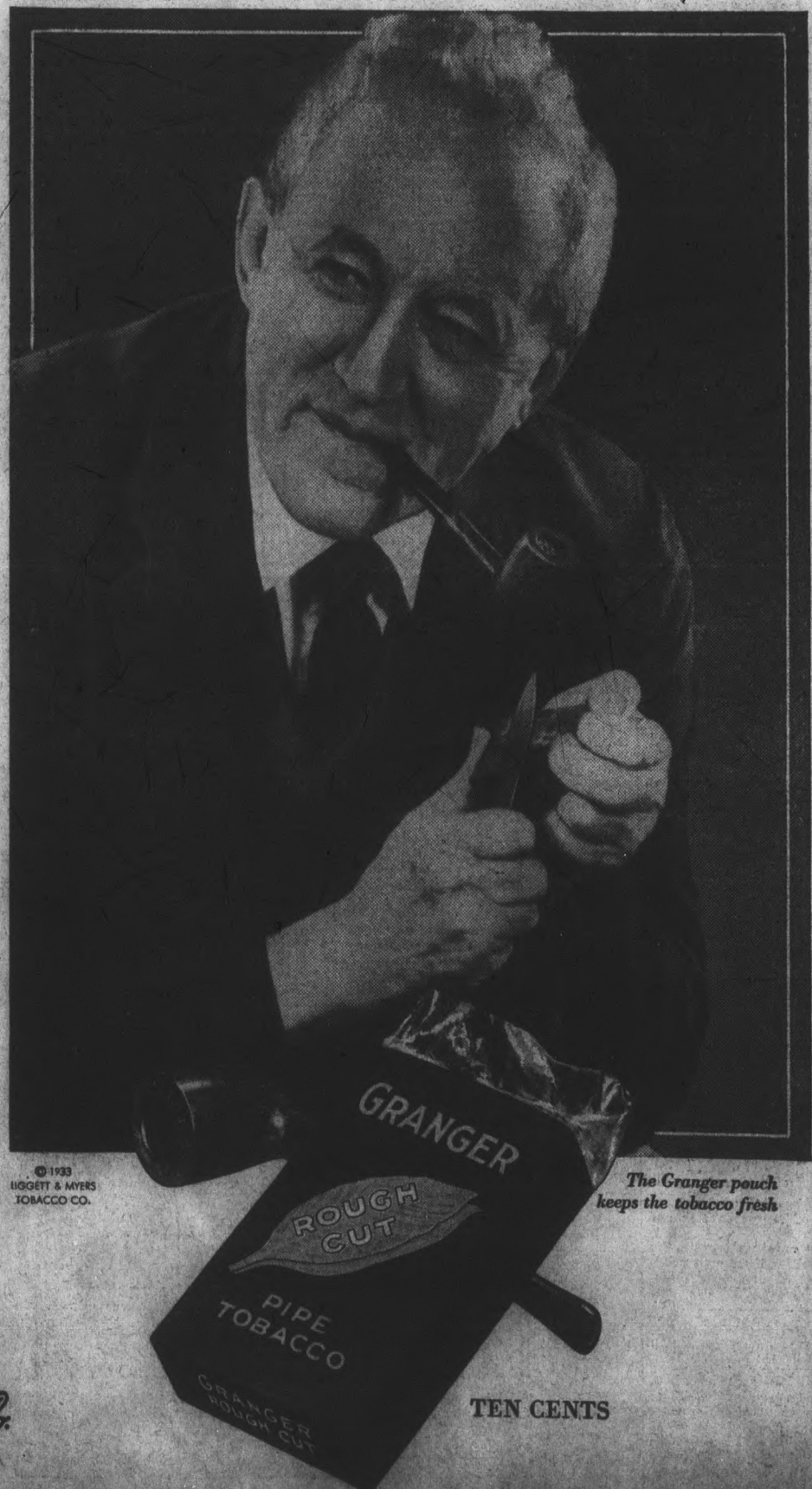
Then we remembered that some folks back yonder used to "whittle" their tobacco. So we made GRANGER just like "whittle" tobacco — "Rough Cut." It smokes cooler and lasts a lot longer. And also, you'll find it never gums the pipe.

So far, so good. Now we wanted to sell this tobacco for 10c. Good tobacco—right process—cut right. It was a question of how to do it for the price.

So we put GRANGER in a sensible soft foil pouch instead of an expensive package, knowing that a man can't smoke a package. We gave smokers this good GRANGER tobacco in a common-sense pouch for 10c.

GRANGER has not been on sale very long, but it has grown to be a popular smoke. And there is this much about it — we have yet to know of a man who started to smoke it, who didn't keep on. Folks seem to like it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



The Granger pouch keeps the tobacco fresh

TEN CENTS

The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 29, No. 27

APRIL 11, 1933

Section 2

"Arrival"

By MARY PORTER RUSSELL

THE prairie had been left behind, and the car had climbed far up over the winding road that led to Bulah, before Joan could shut her eyes and see her father. It was a game he had taught her to play a long time ago. You looked at people, and then you shut your eyes and tried to see them just as if your eyes were open. It was great fun. She had played it with all the people on the train on the two days' trip to Pueblo. On the way up into the mountains from Pueblo today there had been only the mail driver and mother and Joan. She had pictured mother's pale face and driver's red one until the game became too easy to be interesting, and then she had shut her eyes so tightly that the grey void into which she looked became velvety black, and had begun trying to see father.

At first she could see him only in a white bed, with a nurse back of it; and his eyes, when he looked up from the crisp, smooth sheets, gave her a feeling so awful that she swallowed hard, and tried to blot the picture out with vacant blackness. But suddenly the bed and the nurse and the cold, white sheets were gone, and father was standing there, all dressed, just as he was before the sickness came. He was smiling, and he looked so very jolly that Joan could not keep from smiling, too, and her heart began to thump, thump, thump, at the thought that they were going to visit him.

Very slowly she opened her eyes, only a little way, at first, so that a ribbon of blue sky streaked by before the world appeared, all bright and shining in the golden sun, and dizzying with its ups and downs of hills.

Mother sat in her corner of the car, silent and motionless and far away. The driver, too, was still; and there was only the sound of the puffing car to accompany the beating of Joan's heart.

Up and further up they went. This was the top of the world—the very top. If they kept on they would go straight through that clear, blue sky that they had been driving toward all day. The hot sun came down through the cool, thin air, and burned Joan's arm a deeper pink. The road curved before them, around and around. A fly lit on the driver's red neck, and he wiggled his ears at it until it became frightened, and flew away. Joan laughed out into the silence, and the echo of her laugh came back to her, faint and strange and exciting.

"Didn't know I could wriggle 'em, did yer?" said the driver.

"Do it again," said Joan.

"Nope. . . . It ain't a thing yer can keep on doin'."

"How far is it to Bulah," Joan asked him.

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised—I wouldn't be surprised, if we was almost there." The driver took both hands off the wheel while he emptied and refilled his pipe. A wagon drew up at the side of the road to let them pass. A house stood out against the mountain—another house, and



Myrtle Williams

then another. And suddenly—so suddenly that Joan grew hot and cold at the same time—there were more houses than she could count.

"Are we here?" she called to the driver, and something inside her seemed trying to burst.

"You bet," he answered. "D'yer see that building? That's the church. And d'yer see that one? That's the school."

Such funny little houses they were. Not at all like a church and a school.

"And here's the postoffice," said the driver, "drawing up before a building that was really a grocery store."

Mother hadn't said anything for a long time, but she had reached over for Joan's hand, and was squeezing it very hard.

"I see father," she cried out all at once, in a choky sort of voice.

"Yeah, that's him," said the driver.

And then father was helping them out of the car, and hugging them both at once. He looked terribly glad to see them, but when Joan tried to kiss him, he turned his face to one side, so that she kissed only his cheek. He had been pale when she had seen him last, but now he was as brown as the big lifeguard she had talked to at the beach.

The driver got out of the car, and stood looking at them. "Glad to see yer paw?" He took one of his great, thick hands and tweaked Joan's

nose. She smiled up at him, to be polite, but moved further away, for she did not like to have her nose tweaked.

"The little woman's as purty as a picture," said the driver, looking at mother. "Now I c'n see why yer wuz always hangin' around fer the mail."

Mother didn't look pleased, but father laughed. "Thank you, Jansen," he said. "Bring the bags around to the house later, will you? We're going to walk."

He took Joan's hand and mother's arm, and led them past the row of little stores, from which queer-looking people stood at the doors and stared. They wore rough old clothes, and the men needed to shave, and the women were very ugly. Father spoke to most of them, and called their names.

"Jansen's a close friend of mine," he said. "Fine fellow."

"Dick," said mother. "We are here. We are really here." She smiled at him, and you could see that something had happened to her face so that it was different from the way it had been before.

At the end of the row of stores was a path, leading downward. You hadn't known it at all, but the stores were on top of a hill. Joan started running down the path, and pretended she was sailing through the air. Hills were exciting: they gave you a tingling feeling inside and out; they made you want to skip and run and fly. But mother and father just walked. She ran back to them, and took father's hand.

"It's been nearly a year," said mother.

"Seven months and three weeks and two days," said father. ". . . Did you see the brook?" he asked Joan. The brook lay at the foot of the hill, clear and dazzling in the sun. Just across from the brook was a tiny house, and further on, a big one. Back of the big house rose another hill.

"The little place is ours," said father. "The other is the hotel. Always a big crowd during July and August, they say. A short season, but a good one."

"Eight months," said mother, "and we talk of—hotels."

Father took hold of her hand. He opened his mouth as if he were going to speak, but shut it again.

"There's so much to say," said mother. "So much—so much."

"Miss Ainsley says I can skip the high second grade," said Joan.

"Fine, Joan!" said father. "Didn't I tell you, Alice, that she would be like me?"

"And Lily-Dean had kittens, father. There were five at first, but the next day there were only two, and nobody knew—"

"Wouldn't you like to try to beat us to the brook, dear?" asked mother.

"I'll find you a kitten that you may have for yours while you are here," said father. "If you'll

(Continued on Page 2.)

"Arrival"

(Continued from Page One)

promise not to want to take it home next month." "We're going to stay all summer," said mother. "Every minute until September."

Father still held her hand, but she didn't look at her. "Do you think it—wise?" he asked, after a minute.

"I am tired of being wise, Dick." "If I should harm you—or her," said father, "—if I should put you in danger—" "Danger?" said Joan.

"This is a wild country, Joan. If you listen hard at night, you can hear the coyotes howling." "You wouldn't let the old coyotes hurt us." "No," said father. "Here's a wild animal now," he said, "but see how bravely I protect you." A donkey had followed them down the hill, and was sticking its nose into father's hand. It was a most beautiful donkey. Joan put out her hand and touched it gently, and pleasant shivers went up her arm, and down her body to her toes.

"We'll meet herds of them," said father. They're free to graze at will until civilization descends next month. . . . Want to ride, Joan?" He lifted her to the donkey's back, and she clung with her legs to its smooth sides.

"Get up!" she told it. But the donkey didn't want to go. It turned its head around and looked at her and blinked its sleepy eyes.

"He knows it isn't the working season yet," said father. "Don't you, old fellow?" And the donkey looked straight at him, and nodded its head in the most knowing way one could imagine. It was so funny that Joan almost fell to the ground laughing. Father laughed, too, and so did mother.

"You laughed until you cried," said Joan, for tears were shining in mother's eyes.

The brook, when you saw it close, was very wide. Crossing to the other side was fun. You stepped from one rock to another, and you could let your foot slip a little and feel the cold, cold water ooze in your shoe. Father turned in at the little house, and opened the door. "Brookside Cottage welcomes you," he said.

There was a big stove inside, and a lot of books and papers scattered around, and a lamp like people in the country used. It wasn't pretty at all, and back in the bedroom it was worse. There was no spread on the bed—just a red blanket on top, and it was all lumpy, as if the sheets underneath weren't smooth. Father's big, old slippers stuck out from under it.

Mother looked around and smiled. "Stand it for three months, honey?" asked father, who was watching her.

"I can stand you," said mother, and father kissed her on the forehead. She put her hands up to his shoulders, and he caught them in his and held them. He looked at her face a long time. "There is a new little freckle on the top of your nose," he said.

But suddenly he dropped her hands, and turned away. "Oh, darling, why did you come?"

"To see you," said Joan.

"If you want to, dear, you may go out and play by the lovely brook," said mother.

"I don't want to play," said Joan.

They went through the dining room, and back to the kitchen. Joan wanted water, but she couldn't find a glass. "There aren't any," said father. "I had two, but I broke them." She picked up a cup, then, but he called out very quickly. "Here, don't take that! Don't ever use any of the dishes with the pink flowers on them."

"Why?" Joan asked him.

"Because they are my dishes," said father. "I've always liked dishes with pink flowers, and at home your mother wouldn't let me have any. There are just enough for me. You two will have to get along with those with the gold bands."

He was joking, of course. Why did mother's eyes keep filling up with tears? Father didn't look at her. "There's a soda fountain just back of the house," he said. He was still joking, for there was only woods back there. He picked up a pitcher and some lemons and sugar; and mother and Joan took three spoons and two gold-banded cups and one with pink flowers, and they walked near the brook back of the house till they came to a spring. Then they squeezed the lemons and caught the water in the pitcher, and it bubbled up really just as if it had been a drink at a soda fountain. Father poured it into the cups, and it went "Fizz, fizz, fizz."

You knew it would burn your tongue when you drank it. You put the cup to your lips, and the taste was so exactly as you knew it would be that you couldn't tell when you began drinking.

"The soda fountain is far down under the ground," said father. "All day the poor clerk pumps the water, and at night he washes his tall white cap and coat, for they get dirty in the small, dark room under the ground, and he must have them clean for the next day's pumping."

"What's his name?" asked Joan. But father had begun coughing, and couldn't tell her. He

turned away from them and coughed and coughed as if he could never stop. Then he sat down and leaned against a rock and shut his eyes. It made Joan think of how she had shut her eyes and seen him before they got there, and she forgot all about the soda clerk in the small, dark room down under the ground. She went over to him. "I shut my eyes and saw you on the way here," she said. Father put his arm around her very tightly. The knuckles stood out white and shiny on his thin, brown hand. "Could you remember how to do that—always?" he asked.

"Oh, don't," begged mother. Her back was turned, but Joan could tell that she was crying. It was very solemn all at once, and very still. Joan wanted to break away and run over to the gurgling spring and dip her hands in its icy water; but father held her, and she could not. "Dick, how long will it be?" asked mother, at last.

"Don't know," said father. "Are you doing all the things the doctor told you?"

"Not if I can help it. Sometimes I forget and do them." It was nice that he was joking again. He got up and stood looking at the sun, which shone down on them so brightly and so warmly from the cloudless sky. "This is my doctor," he said. He turned around to Joan. "Baby, this is Dr. Sol. He's a very good doctor."

"Will you go back to the hospital in September, for me, dear?" asked mother.

"No," said father, and he began walking up and down. "I will not lie there in that cold, white room. I will not lie there and—wait. . . . Oh, you don't understand, darling. I can't get

The Old South Hill

The big hill south of my home Always made me think of a fat old gentleman, Round and soft in front

And stiff with craggy pride up the back. His head is bald on top, but down the sides Are the patches he still hopes—I suspect—will spread.

He loves to sit in the white October sun In his knitted sweater of yellow, sepia and red And gaze across the white-washed sky, dreaming. Some days all but his back is covered with smoke From his pipe;

His pride is sore and he puffs and stamps and puffs

Heedless of the rain.

In winter he stays in his nightshirt by the window

And reads the family album page by page.

—RICHARD CADY.

well there. I can't, can I, baby?" He turned to Joan, and she shook her head. "Two thirds of the family have voted that I stay here," he said. "So here I stay."

"Then here we stay, too," said mother.

"Father stood still, and looked at her. "Stay?" he said; and mother nodded.

"You mustn't do it, dear. Of course you can't."

"We're going to, Dick."

"It's too big a risk," said father. "And besides, there's no school, no—"

"But there is a school," Joan told him, so excited she could scarcely breathe.

"Two-thirds of the family wants us to stay," said mother.

"You little idiot," father said then. "You darling little idiot." He put his arm around her, and mother had stopped crying. It was very, very jolly. "We'll go back a year from next fall," said mother. "We'll all go back together."

"I'll bet you can't reach the house in five minutes," father dared Joan, and she ran very fast toward Brookside Cottage. She was out of breath when she got there, and she sat down and leaned against the back wall to rest. The sound of the brook was cool and tinkling. How would the brook be when it froze over, as father said it would in the winter? And what would the mountains be like, all covered with snow, as they were on top now?

She shut her eyes and tried to see everything around her with snow on it. She ran her hands through the long, green grass, and told herself it was snow, and soon her fingers felt very stiff and cold. She laughed out loud because it was so silly, and opened her eyes and wondered if it was time for the woman who cooked father's meals to come.

How funny it was for a cook to be a white woman. Could she make teasakes with raisins in them, Joan wondered, and would she let her cut holes in some of them with a thimble, as Grace did at home? One would be afraid ever to go into the kitchen, or to ask for anything to eat.

Father was coming with mother down the sunlit path. His arm was still around her shoulder. "Who lives here, little girl?" he called out, just as if he didn't know Joan at all. Father was great

The Hotel Pest

By PHILIP LIGHT

YEARS ago, when knighthood was in flower, inn-keepers were in league with highwaymen, and it was a lucky guest who awakened the morning after without a marked decrease in his stock of worldly goods. Today, in our magnificent, palatial hostelrys, it is a fortunate hotel owner who still maintains possession of his wallpaper after his guests have departed.

Yes, you've guessed it. This IS an inn-keeper's lament. And why not? Possibly one of the major problems that I must contend with, and one of the greatest items in my expense column, is the cost of replacing things found missing from my rooms as a result of the maneuverings of a certain person whom I shall refer to hereafter as the "Hotel Pest."

To make myself clear, the Hotel Pest is that gentleman (in many cases, that lady) who is busily engaged packing his grip preparatory to checking out of the hotel. Suddenly, his wandering gaze becomes fixed on a pair of perfectly charming candlesticks adorning the mantelpiece. As he meditates how nicely these same candlesticks would grace his own mantelpiece back home, a strange gleam comes into his eye, a gleam which is peculiar to the Hotel Pest, and in the space of a few seconds the candlesticks are reposing serenely in the bottom of his grip under a pile of shirts.

The Hotel Pest can be classified according to species. The first and most common type is the soap and towel pest. The floor maid places a half-dozen bars of soap on the wash-basin and hangs up four or five towels. If the gods of chance smile on me next morning, I may still retain possession of the wash-basin. The soap and towels have vanished into thin air. Of course some people use a lot of soap, but with six bars you can wash an elephant.

I hit upon the scheme of having the towels attached to a steel rack, but that didn't work. In a number of cases I found the rack pried off the wall and the towels gone. I was lucky in these instances to get my rack, however, for some far-sighted transients packed the rack away with the towels.

Bed sheets constitute another tempting bait. Small lamps, rugs, and even electric light bulbs are the Hotel Pests' delight.

It really isn't because these people are in need of these articles that they appropriate them. These thefts are really nothing more than pranks indulged in by both the old and young transients. If they were presented with the opportunity of procuring the articles in an illegitimate manner somewhere else other than a hotel, they would scornfully decline. But in a hotel room, these overgrown kids, for that's all they are, seem to be under the influence of some mischievous elf as they gladly join the ranks of the Hotel Pest.

Sometimes more expensive articles are among the missing. I'll never forget the time a fashionably-attired young couple registered and occupied the bridal suite. They ordered breakfast in their rooms next morning which was served in my best sterling silver service. After a lengthy space of time, a bell-boy knocked and when no answering summons to enter greeted his ears, he peeped in. No one was there, and all I had left was a dish of ham and eggs.

There have even been instances in which my guests have backed their automobiles up to the rear entrance of the hotel and staggered down the back stairs under the load of grandfather clocks, easy chairs, expensive framed pictures, overstuffed mattresses, curtains, drapes, and even medicine chests.

One of the most annoying breeds under the main classification "Hotel Pests" is the college boy who rolls or rather creaks into town with a dusty old flivver piled high with about seven or eight of his fraternity brothers. All are in town for one night to attend a fraternity dance. The ringleader favors me with his patronage, and registers at my hotel. About five a. m. when he decides to "hit the hay," he nonchalantly enters his room and then proceeds to sneak in his eight fraternity brothers via the fire escape. All of them then proceed to completely wreck the room and spend the rest of the wee hours of the morning racing up and down the corridors collecting ornaments for their typically collegiate rooms back home. Fire exit signs, "deposit valuables at desk" notices, and fire extinguishers are the most desirable.

Now that I have completely dissected the most vicious of public enemies, I have something to ask you. I have a burning query to put to you and I hope you will face it unflinchingly. Have I caused any of you to feel guilty?

Toward A University Theatre

FOR some time past those at George Washington most interested in various phases of dramatics have been of the opinion that this University deserves a university theatre. Any resident of Washington, in which there are, or have been, upwards of forty amateur dramatic organizations, may well ask: Why add to these? Why contribute to a situation in which undue competition already hinders all but the most extraordinarily outstanding groups from achieving success worthy of notice? I fully agree that this would be effort wasted. But I am of the firm conviction that, in the world of the theatre, a university community is possessed of many unique advantages and that it has many attributes which make it a field peculiarly fitted for the best type of theatre practice. My experience at George Washington, moreover, has convinced me that this University possesses all these necessary characteristics.

The art and practice of the theatre is of necessity eclectic and draws its strength from many sources, all of which are to be found within the university community. It makes use of literature, of painting, of architecture, of languages, of music, of physical education and, in fact, on occasion, of almost every field of human activity. A university community, therefore, which has specialists in all these lines, which contains trained technicians and students in all the arts and sciences, should be able to build up a theatre that might be, in some degree, a laboratory and a common meeting ground for its various departments. This is of course what has been done successfully at various universities throughout the country.

From time to time pleased patrons of one or another of the campus musical or dramatic offerings have said with sincere surprise and a kind intent to praise those especially interested in these enterprises: "It was very good indeed. Quite remarkable for just a student performance!" On such occasions it is difficult to refrain from pointing out the speaker's lack of discernment. It is hard not to tell him that the intelligence and "professional" smoothness of the performance which he has just admired is possible because the participants are students, and have the students' characteristics and point of view. He does not stop to consider that the university consists of a select group, members of which must, in order to remain in the student body, continue to prove themselves at least slightly above the average level of intelligence. Also, that they are likely to have a certain cultural and social background which makes them not only

By CONSTANCE C. BROWN

somewhat familiar with—but adaptable to—the job of producing plays. To be sure, the student body at George Washington provides unusually fertile theatrical ground because the university is not only coeducational, but also contains a great range of ages and a variety of types. Moreover, the dramatic work done in most of the local high schools is excellent, so that many students come to the University having already had some sound theatre practice.

To any critic who may suggest that college students are "immature" and therefore inferior to other groups of amateurs, particularly to such as may be made up of former professionals and semiprofessionals, I would reply that what the university organization may lack in experience and in knowledge of certain "tricks of the trade," it more than supplies in other ways. The charge of immaturity is not a grave one, for what the individuals do not have in actual experience they more than make up for in imagination, which is, after all, a really creative force. Most of them are at a time of life when they have abundant vitality and it is, after all, vitality which makes an actor able to perform what Bernard Shaw considers a theatrical performer's whole duty to his audience, that is: "to make the audience believe that real things are happening to real people." As for the technique necessary to restrain and at the same time to release this vitality, that can often be acquired with surprising swiftness when the workers are "students" and have the student's habit of mind, his ability to take direction and work in an orderly and systematic way.

But most important of all is the student's point of view toward the play as a whole. He is in an atmosphere in which cooperation is counted of the highest value. He has idealism without mawkishness, and has a sincere regard for loyalty. Whereas your professional is most likely to think of the play as merely a mounting block for his own particular part, the university amateur recognizes the fact that the play should be more important than any person in it, and that it is the actor who fits into the picture rather than the one that stands out who is most successful. Through his participation in athletics and other cooperative activities he has grown away from the notion that competition is really the "life" of anything and knows—perhaps a little ahead of the rest of the world—that "teamwork" is the only work which achieves permanently successful results.

At some period in the life of every amateur theatrical group there comes a time when the or-

ganization must determine exactly what its function is to be. The members must decide whether they are content to be just a little group of friends playing charades in the back parlor for their own amusement, or whether they are going to take the public in on it. If they decide on the latter course, and are conscientious folk, they immediately become aware of their obligation toward their audience. The cash customers must get their money's worth or they will cease to be cash customers. The play, then, must be considered from the audience's standpoint rather than solely from that of the performer. It is with the appearance of this objective attitude that the members of an amateur organization begin to realize the overwhelming importance of a measure of technique. They feel that, while "a play is not a play until it has been acted," the acting alone does not produce a play; that, to quote Milton Smith in his Book of Play Production:

"A play is an impression made on spectators by ideas, sounds, colors, movements, lines, and all other elements that move one in the theatre. It is an emotional reaction to these elements and to many others that are too subtle to be analyzed out of the total situation. . . . A 'play' is an effect made on an audience. Play production, then, is the process of building up this effect. . . . In so far as this process is an art it must have unity, just as do the arts of painting, or singing, or writing. There cannot be one dramatic art for the amateur and one for the professional practitioner, nor one for the college and one for the kindergarten. Differences must be of degree and not of kind. The only real division is between good art and bad, between practice that is successful and practice that fails."

I am increasingly certain that at George Washington can be found all the elements that make for successful stage productions; and that a university theatre could perhaps form a nucleus for much of the city-wide activity which is now comparatively uncoordinated. A university group might experiment profitably with productions of all styles and types of literature, in all moods and fashions from the most serious to the most frivolous. There should, however, always be one criterion applied to every production. Each performance should be first and foremost a good show! There is no excuse for any theatre ever being dull. What is put upon the stage must be brought to life. It must be made important; it must be exciting. At George Washington there is abundant means to achieve this end.

Why Go To College?

By Hugh C. McMILLAN

Assailed by innumerable reading programs, five-foot shelves of books, home study courses, and front parlor short cuts to college learning, one may well ask: "Why speak the best part of my life when life is dearest, the most of my money when money comes hardest, the best of my energy when energy is most vital, to submit to four or more years of the college factory system, only to be turned out later like any standardized product of the machine age?" Alas and alack, for the one who can solve that riddle I believe there must be awaiting the Pulitzer prize, the Nobel prize, a specially struck Congressional medal, and the Croix de Guerre.

I have often wondered why a reading course in history and literature, a phonograph course in languages, a radio course in philosophy and international economic relations, and a kitchenette course in chemistry and physics should not prove the equivalent of a college education, with the special advantage of taking it all right at home with mama and papa close by. No harassed mail man bringing truck loads of university catalogs and bulletins; no family warfare over which college it shall be for our darling children, no fuss and worry about the latest styles in Klassy Kut Kollege Klothes (overall, a bathing suit, or pajamas will do), no excruciatingly heart-rending separations, no letters begging for this, that, and the other, no bankrupt parents at the end of four years. No, indeed, none of this; mama and papa and Bob and Dora go to college right at home, all nice and comfy. The foundations of the home stabilized, the ties of happy family life drawn tighter, the divorce courts out of business.

"Come, children," says mama when the evening work is out of the way. "It's time for our tenth lesson in the Development of Political Parties in the United States. Tune in on station K-N-U-B and let us absorb the learning of that master po-

litical economist, Professor Schildelkisen. Your father is waiting for us in the parlor."

Yes, there is papa, absorbed in the "Relation of Economic Theory to Business." Reluctantly he lays aside his book while Bob turns on the radio, and Dora and mama get out their needlework. "I can think so much faster if my hands are busy," mama explains; and Dora of course has a hope chest. Bob, who knows shorthand, gets out a notebook and pencil and prepares to take Professor Schildelkisen's lecture verbatim. Papa, too, must not be indolent while absorbing the wisdom coming from the loudspeaker, so he gets out his pipe and his Rob Roy. "It stimulates the intra-cranial masses of contractile protoplasm, you know," he elucidates. Mama nods wisely. She understands papa so much better since she had Doctor Gartengoof's course in abnormal psychology last winter.

For a period of sixty minutes the voice of Professor Schildelkisen thrills and stills the family group. At the end of that time Bob boastfully exhibits 22 pages of illegible hen tracks, Dora has embroidered a lot of love into a pillowcase, and mama has added ten medallions to her tatting, but papa, it is to be feared, has had an over-stimulation of his intra-cranial masses of contractile protoplasm—his pipe has gone out and his head just won't stay put.

"A profitable hour," sighs mama with satisfaction. "Professor Schildelkisen is a wonderful talker," which, being interpreted, is, "I am a wonderful tatter."

"Eh, what?" papa jerks in his chair. "Oh, yes, a marvelous lecturer—marvelous," papa agrees volubly, flushing slightly. "He knows whereof he speaks." Again mama nods wisely.

Bob is now at the phonograph and soon a voice from the whirling black disc is grinding forth: "Tout a coup, un cavalier de haute taille—"

All are alert now. This is the new, easy way

to learn a foreign language in spare time at home. "All you have to do is to listen," explains the booklet, "and before you know it you'll be speaking French as easily as if you had lived in Paris all your life."

They all listen—mama, papa, Bob, and Dora—yes, through the entire set of six double-faced records.

"Bon jour," says mama, smiling with pleasure when at last the phonograph is silenced.

"You are acquiring a real French accent, mama," and pride rings in papa's voice.

"You must answer me in French, papa."

"Eh, what? Oh, yes. Bon jour," and papa chuckles with delight at his remarkable progress.

"Now for the reading hour," mama says officiously. "Dora, bring me that Reading Index from the table. That's a dear. Now, let me see, Wednesday—today is Wednesday, isn't it?—what have we today? Volume X-V-eye-eye-eye, page 562, 'Ecclesiastical Polity in the Middle Ages.' Oh, how perfectly thrilling," mama exults. "Papa, I believe it's your turn to read tonight. I read last night, you know."

"Eh, what? Oh, yes." Papa gets Volume K-V-eye-eye-eye, turns to page 562, clears his throat, and booms forth in stridently oracular tones. The others listen in profound attention. For an hour papa reads aloud, his voice gradually losing its sonority and resiliency, until mama finally calls a halt.

"That will do for tonight, dear. Isn't it perfectly marvelous how clearly and understandable that work is written." Mama isn't asking a question; she is demanding acquiescence to a statement.

"Now we are entitled to some recreation," announces mama, and the release of the pressure of attention threatens to take the very roof from the house. "Tune in on station Z-Z-A-J, Dora darling. The Hippety-Hop Hot Steppers are on tonight. Bob, you'll find the gin in the Frigid-air."

The Two Thespians

Characters.

Miss Isabella Thorne, a spinster, not too old.
Helen, Mrs. Winston, her younger sister.
Roger, Mr. Winston.
Peter, a boy.
Joan, a girl.

The curtain rises on a rather handsome American drawing-room. There are a grand piano, two or three deep chairs and some roses. At the rear, center, double French doors open onto a wide summer porch, although the doors are closed as it is winter. It is after dinner in the evening and dark outside. Miss Isabella sits toward the right of the room under a bridge lamp, and is playing solitaire with somewhat jerky movements. She appears to be rather a severe person, and, it seems, is attempting to conceal her nervousness from Mrs. Winston. Mrs. Winston, who is fashionably dressed and beautiful, is standing, center, beside the French doors staring vacantly through the thin curtains.

Mrs. Winston: Isabella, do you think he will come?

Isabella: I do.

Mrs. Winston: What makes you think so?

Isabella (is both playing her cards and watching Mrs. Winston): He wrote you, didn't he?

Mrs. Winston: Yes.

Isabella: And he asked you if you'd see him, didn't he?

Mrs. Winston: Yes.

Isabella: And you said you would, didn't you?

Mrs. Winston: Yes.

Isabella: Well, then.

Mrs. Winston (turning): I must have been a fool to've told him that I'd see him tonight. (She is both anxious and nervous.) After all the promises I made myself! I'm a fool, Isabella. I'm a fool even—ever—to lay eyes on him again, as long as I live. And I know it. It was just that his letter sounded so—so—pathetic. I don't love him, you know. He knows it, too, because I've told him so. I've told him so—at least—a hundred times. His boat docked yesterday—or was it yesterday? I can't think . . . Anyway, he was taking the first train out . . .

Isabella: He'll be here.

Mrs. Winston: Are you sure? Honestly, Isabella, I wish I'd written him "no." Or better still—not written at all. I guess it was the foreign postage stamp on his letter that frightened me. Something made me read it! It isn't as if we hadn't settled all this before. We've settled it, and settled it. Goodness knows I'm tired of settling it . . . I'm a fool, Isabella, to see him tonight—only, he said that he'd been—ill. He's been somewhere in Germany, for months—I think it was Baden-Baden—taking a cure. People don't take cures, you know, unless they—unless they—need them. I was just afraid . . . I don't know . . . I'm not sure . . .

(Enter two children, Peter and Joan.)

Peter: Mother, do we have to go to bed now?

Mrs. Winston: Yes, it's bed-time.

Joan: Can't we stay up a little longer?

Mrs. Winston: No, dear, it's bedtime.

Peter: Well, will you read us one story? Please.

Read us the one about—

Mrs. Winston: Not tonight, dear. It's bed-time, and besides I don't feel like it. Aunt Isabella and I are expecting a caller.

Both Children (delighted): Who?

Mrs. Winston (hastily): A friend of ours.

Peter (guessing): The Preacher . . . Cousin Betty?

Mrs. Winston: No.

Joan: Do we know 'um?

Mrs. Winston: I doubt it. It is someone who hasn't been here in a long, long time. Run along now, both of you, and tomorrow I'll let Nannie take you to the park.

Both Children (sadly): Well.

Mrs. Winston: Well, come kiss Mother, both of you. (She crosses to center of stage, kneels and takes one child in each arm. She kisses both.) My dears! What on earth would Mother do without you? You're all she has in the world. Now run along and tell Aunt Isabella goodnight.

Both Children (running off, right): Goodnight, Aunt Isabella. Goodnight.

Isabella: Goodnight, Peter; goodnight, Joan.

Both Children (off-stage): Goodnight, Mother.

Mrs. Winston (raising her voice): Goodnight, dears.

Isabella: You spoil your children, Helen. You're too good to them. It isn't good for children to be petted as much as you pet yours.

Mrs. Winston: They're all I have.

Isabella (pointedly): That's your fault. (She continues with her solitaire.)

Mrs. Winston: (Does not reply at first. She moves toward the piano and, still standing, idly, thoughtfully, taps one or two keys. The sound does not please her, for she moves away, sits left, opposite Miss Isabella, and taking up a cigarette lights it.) Don't you think it's chilly in here? It's bitterly cold outside. A moment ago when I

By E. PENDLETON HOGAN

stood by the doors I felt a draught pouring in over the sill. I must have the weather stripping padded.

Isabella (slapping down a card): I always said it took a man to look after a house. However, it isn't cold in here. That's just your imagination. (A telephone rings in the room. Both women start and Mrs. Winston stands.)

Mrs. Winston: My God! Suppose that's Roger! . . . I'll answer. Maybe I'll tell him not to come. (She picks up the telephone. Her voice is weak.) Hello . . . Oh! Hel-lo, dear. Is it you, Betty? I didn't recognize you at first. What, I don't sound like myself? Of course I do, dear. That's just your imagination. A fourth at bridge? Oh! I'm so sorry, dear, but I'm busy. Yes. You see, Isabella and I are expecting callers. What, a beau? Of course not! But do ring me again, any time. You know I love bridge. All right, Betty. (She hangs up.) Did I sound all right?

Isabella: No.

Mrs. Winston: What?

Isabella: Like an actress.

Mrs. Winston: What do you mean?

Isabella: Mechanical. You didn't mean a word you said.

Mrs. Winston: No-o. I guess I didn't. . . . Oh! I do wish he'd come!

Isabella: I thought you said you wished he wouldn't.

Mrs. Winston: Well, I mean if he's coming at all I want him to come on. If he doesn't soon come I won't see him when he does get here.

Isabella: You wouldn't do that. Not after he's just got home from abroad, and came all the way from New York.

Mrs. Winston: Oh! Wouldn't I? I must say, Isabella, that you know less about me to've lived with me this long, than even Roger—After all, it would serve him right if I didn't see him, the way he's treated me—

Isabella: The way he has treated you! (She flares up to the defense of Mr. Winston.) Helen, you know perfectly good and well that all the trouble, the divorce, the whole thing, was a mess—and your fault!

Mrs. Winston (angrily): My fault?

Isabella: Yes, your fault! If you hadn't been so blind and so selfish it would never in the world have happened!

Mrs. Winston: Well, my word! If you think I'm going to let a man—any man—trample me underfoot you're very much mistaken. And as for Roger—he's without a doubt the blindest and most selfish man I've ever seen—

Isabella: (Stands up with a movement so sudden that it surprises Mrs. Winston. With a single furious gesture Isabella sweeps the cards from the bridge table into a wild flutter on the floor.) Helen! (Her voice is sharp and clear. Mrs. Winston is too astonished to reply. Miss Isabella has the stage.) I should think that you would be ashamed to talk about your husband that way! I should think—

Mrs. Winston (abruptly): Oh! You're always defending him!

Isabella: And you're always running him down! (She is the first to regain her composure.) Well, don't get the idea that I want you to see him. It's certainly nothing on earth to me. But I do think that after you've been divorced from a man five years it would be fun, if nothing else, to see him again. (She sits away from the card table nearer the center of the stage.)

Mrs. Winston: Fun!

Isabella: Just to see if he's changed, if nothing else. You know perfectly well that those five years have done you no harm.

Mrs. Winston (composing herself): I don't know. I feel dreadfully old sometimes. She lights another cigarette.) Isabella, I wish I had a drink. Don't you have any up in your room? You usually have a little stuck back somewhere for your heart, don't you? . . . I tell you—I tell you—I'm so nervous I don't know whether I can see him or not. One minute I can, and the next minute I can't. I couldn't possibly, this minute. I tell you, I'm so unhappy I could die. I'll tell you right now if I just had the courage I'd kill myself this minute. Don't tell me cowards kill themselves; it takes a darn brave person. If I were brave enough I'd shoot myself. I mean that, Isabella. I've got a pistol, you know—protection against burglars, for ladies living alone.

Isabella (snorts): Theatrics!

Mrs. Winston: What?

Isabella: You're just being theatrical again, Helen; that's all. As you were on the phone.

Mrs. Winston: (Arises, takes a long-stemmed rose from a vase and, twisting it in her hands, goes again to the French doors. Isabella hears it's bitterly cold outside. A moment ago when I hear take her breath sharply, and glances quickly up.) My God!

Isabella (quickly): What is it?

Mrs. Winston: A car on the drive.

Isabella: Well, it's only Roger. You didn't expect him to walk from the station, did you?

Mrs. Winston: Only Roger! How can you be so calm, Isabella? After all I've not even seen the man for five whole years. Anything might have happened to him.

Isabella: Stop being a fool, Helen. When he gets here do you want me to leave? I can go upstairs.

Mrs. Winston: Heavens no! Stay with me. I'd die if he came here and I were alone. I'm going to die anyway, Isabella, or at least do something desperate. I can feel it coming on. Why, do you realize that I haven't anything to say to him?

Isabella: Say! You're crazy, Helen. I've never seen anybody go to pieces as you have. After all, be calm. Be calm.

Mrs. Winston: It's easy enough for you to say "be calm!"

(The doorbell rings, a loud, fierce ring. Mrs. Winston almost screams.)

Isabella: I'll answer. (She arises deliberately and crosses room to door, left.)

Mrs. Winston has a moment of pure panic. She puts one hand to her head and moans. Then suddenly she has a brilliant idea. Escape! Almost without thinking, fiercely she flings open the French doors. A gust of cold air bursts into the room and all but blows the flowers from the piano. Miss Isabella, who has almost reached the street door, stops instantly and turns. She is just in time to see Mrs. Winston, hatless and coatless, rush across the porch, down some steps and disappear into the frigid darkness. Isabella does not speak, but crosses the room swiftly, and is closing the doors when the bell rings again.)

Isabella (calls): Come in. (The door opens and Mr. Winston enters. He is a handsome man of about forty who looks a little tired from travel but not ill. He fights for calmness.)

Mr. Winston: Hello, Isabella. Is Helen here?

Isabella: Oh! Hello, Roger. The wind blew the doors open and I was just closing them. This place is a sight. The children have scattered cards all over the floor and left them there . . . No-o, Helen's gone out. Take your coat off, Roger, and here—give me your hat. (She crosses to where he is standing undecided, and suddenly she flings both arms around his neck. She kisses him on the mouth again and again. She sobs audibly and buries her face in his overcoat.) Oh! Darling! I thought you'd never come!

CURTAIN.

Le Masque du Jour

Le rire amer du Jour se brise

Et cesse au soir:

La Nuit le peint en couleur grise

Puis, le rend noir.

Et il devient un soupir sombre,

Un pleur rubis

Des gens souffrant de maux sans nombre,

Perdus, maudits.

Il se transforme en cris sanglants,

Rauques, affreux,

Des malades agonisants,

Des fous, des gaeux.

Mais l'Abe vient couvrir de blanc

Le noir du rire.

Le triste Jour convalescent

A un sourire.

Sourire ironique et railleur,

Cruel, certain.

Celui du fat, du bon viveur,

Celui du fin.

Il reste un peu de nuit encore

Sur son beau front;

Il l'essuie, et puis il redore

Le soleil rend.

Le rire amer du Jour se brise

Et cesse au soir:

La Nuit le peint en couleur grise

Puis, le rend noir.

—Rene Bonnerjea.

Conversion

Out of the infinite you came—

Covered with the silver dust

Of your last dream;

Your eyes bright with the light

Of another world—

Your lips quiv'ring with a smile

So fine and so beautiful

That my own malignant soul

Trembled and hid

Behind a mask of quiescence . . .

You stooped to question, and lo!

Your smile was reflected

In my tears

—THEKLA.

Laksmi Bai

By RAJANI-KANTA GUPTA

Translated from the Bengali by Biren Bonnerjee.

LAKSMI BAI was one of the warlike women of the nineteenth century. At a time when the power of the British Lion extended from the Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, when the same power was felt throughout the length and breadth of the country lying between the Indus and the Brahmaputra, it was at that time that Laksmi Bai rose in arms against the British government and astonished the whole world by her prowess. One side of Laksmi Bai's nature vibrated with gentle human passions and another with fierce determination. Those who seek winsome beauty combined with tiger-like ferocity; those who desire the union of morning glory with a raging tempest; those who like listening to the music of a harp and the discordant notes of a rending trumpet call, to them will appeal the story of Laksmi Bai, and to them will she be deemed worthy of respect. Her life is an astonishing narrative in itself.

Who is Laksmi Bai? Why did she rise in arms against the British rule? It seems appropriate here to say a few words about the woman who dared to raise her hands against a power which had subjugated the warlike Mahrattas, a power which had overthrown the former glory of the Panjab, a power which had planted and was successfully upholding with out a rival its proud banner in the verdant fields of Bengal and Bihar and in the seacoasts of Madras and Bombay, a power which had dimmed into insignificance the glory of Chandragupta and of Vikramaditya, of Asoka and of Bhoja.

Situated in the central part of India, in the beautiful mountainous district of Bundelkhand, there is a small kingdom called Jhansi. Both in the north and in the south it is surrounded by mountain ranges. Green trees fringe the foot of the mountains; in various places wide expanses of water beautify the landscape. The area of this little kingdom is 1,567 square miles. Formerly Jhansi was under the Mahrattas; it was later annexed to the British empire in 1817. The last chief of Jhansi was Gangadhar Rao; and Laksmi Bai was the consort of this Gangadhar Rao.

Gangadhar Rao died childless in 1853. Before his decease he had legally adopted a son and heir, and had requested the British government in the following terms: "I am on my deathbed now. Even though I have lived so long under the protection of such a mighty government yet the thought that the name of forefathers is to disappear with me makes me sad. For that reason, in pursuance to the second article of my treaty with the British government, I have adopted a five-year-old near relative of mine as my son. If, by the grace of God, my illness be cured, and if I be blessed with a male heir later, I shall act justly in this matter. But if, on the other hand, I should die, it is my earnest desire that the British government, considering my past faithfulness, be kind to the boy, that my wife be appointed my sole legatee during her lifetime, and that she be treated as is befitting her position."

Such were the humble words which came from the pen of the dying Gangadhar Rao; but alas! the dying request was not granted. Lord Dalhousie was at this time the Governor General of India. It was he who had flown the Union Jack in the Kingdom of Ranjit; it was he whose policies had destroyed the supremacy of the Mahrattas in Satara; in his hands was placed the fate of Jhansi. Realizing it as a good opportunity, Dalhousie determined to annex Jhansi as he had done with Satara. Once such a project was made its execution was not delayed. Very soon there was the necessary proclamation. Through the all-devastating stroke of Dalhousie's pen Jhansi was forever lost to the Mahrattas.

It is true that Jhansi became a part of British India, but the spirited queen Laksmi Bai was not reconciled to the new government. The fact that her kingdom was irrevocably lost, that foreigners had unblushingly appropriated the rights of her adopted son, so hurt her feelings that the pain would not be alleviated. She was a woman of high and lofty ideals. Even a man like Major Malcolm had said if her in a very clear manner that Laksmi Bai was a highly respected woman and was fully deserving of holding the reins of administration in her own hands; that her character showed a very high moral standard and that she was loved by all her subjects in Jhansi. This high-minded courageous lady tried her utmost to protect her kingdom; she demanded justice and claimed the inviolability of the independence of Jhansi from the British government by pointing to the treaty laws, the examples of past friendship and legality of the adoption. But her efforts and her appeals were of no avail. She deeply felt the injustice and the insult of it; but instead of shedding useless tears, it gradually became a burning passion with her. A person whose nature has been exalted by a firm purpose of mind, one who has become accustomed to all sorts of dangers and difficulties, does not turn



Betty Garrett

his head away from what he considers his duty; neither does he lose hope for the future. Such a person was Laksmi Bai. So, in spite of her present misfortune, she patiently waited for her chance. During her memorable interview with the British agent, Laksmi Bai retorted in an angry voice: "I shall never abandon my Jhansi," and smote the heart of the agent with fear and astonished him with her audacity. Jhansi came under the East India Company, but the insult became deeply imprinted in the heart of the heroic lady and poisoned her gentle nature.

In 1857 when the frightful Sepoy Mutiny broke out in India, and when, along with Cawnpore, Meerut, Lucknow and Delhi, the storm of unrest was raging over Bundelkhand, Laksmi Bai rose in arms to redeem her lost glory and power. The fire which had been slowly eating into her heart broke into flames. She abandoned her female attire and donned military dress; and her sister, who had been her companion in joys and sorrows, shared her fortunes. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a young Indian lady began her hostilities with the well-trained British soldiers. No matter what foreign historians may say to the contrary, this picture will always be revered by all impartial poets and historians. Who would have thought that during the mighty British rule in India such a wonderful sight would greet the eye? Who could have imagined that during the dependence of India a young Indian woman would appear as a goddess of war riding on horseback and carrying arms? Who could conceive that a mere girl who had charmed the eyes of the beholders would transform herself into a raging fury and advance to destroy all before her? Not so long ago such a transformation took place in India. At a time when Hindustan was under foreign domination and the people of the country were suffering from moral stupor and were living a comatose existence, there rose an apparition of burning and devastating flame to light up the whole countryside—a young woman voluntarily left the luxuries pertaining to youth and assumed the aspect of an avenging angel.

Laksmi Bai attired in warrior's clothes, covered her body with armor and carried a sword in her hand. Her pleasing voluptuous beauty was united to fierceness. Mounting on a horse and garbed in male raiments she had her first encounter with the British troops. She knew not what fear was, and her never-failing courage stood her in good stead during her continued attacks. The British general seeing her bravery and military tactics openly praised her—no other military leader but Laksmi Bai had ever before been such a menace to Sir Hugh Rose. In her first encounter Laksmi Bai had shown extreme prowess, and through her strategy she had broken Sir Hugh's lines—troops who had defeated generals like Napoleon were now about to be routed by an Indian girl! Laksmi Bai lost many of her soldiers, but none of her enthusiasm. She again fought the British army with great courage at Kalpi, but finally Kalpi fell to the English. Yet Laksmi Bai was adamant in her purpose; her only aim in life was to somehow or other destroy the power of those who had snatched away her kingdom and placed her son in the position of a commoner. For the realization of these ideals Laksmi Bai sacrificed her own life, but she never swayed from her promise as long as life lasted, and no shadow of cowardice has ever darkened her memory.

On June 17, 1868, Laksmi Bai again appeared against Sir Hugh Rose in the field near Gwalior shouting her battlecry of "Give battle!" This

was her last battle—it was on this battlefield that she fell; and it was seeing her prowess here that Sir Hugh said of her that though a woman, Laksmi Bai was the bravest among his enemies. As one hero he recognized the heroism of an adversary and honorably perpetuated her memory. Laksmi Bai and her sister were at the head of their army; both were dressed in male attire and both were riding on horseback. After the end of the battle while they were returning from the battlefield they were killed either by a bullet or by the stroke of a sword from a Hussar. The British general had not noticed the death of these two heroic women. When their dead bodies were found later on the battlefield, the faithful followers of Laksmi Bai surrounded the remains to protect them against any possible attack. Hastily the funeral pyre was lit, and in a short time the bodies of the two heroic daughters of India were reduced to ashes. Laksmi Bai may not be deserving of praise for rising against the English, but she is worthy of the respect of all for her unparalleled courage and for her steadfastness.

Sunday Escapade

By I. T. COHEN



HERE is never anything to do on Sunday. All you do is get up at noon or later, put on your best clothes, eat chicken at four o'clock; read the funny papers, and listen to your Pa and Mr. Schwartz arguing about Volstead and prohibition, although you don't know what it is. Some Sundays you go to see Tom Mix or Hoot Gibson; other Sundays you go to see your Grandmother or your Aunt Bessie, the fat one.

Of course, this is all right—you don't mind it—for a while. Everything is all right for a while. But you grow tired of it.

"I dowanna see Aunt Bessie," you tell your Mother.

"Come, Sonny (your mother calls you Sonny), we haven't seen Aunt Bessie for a month."

"I wanna stay home," you say.

After a long argument, your mother allows you to stay home alone.

You play all the rolls on the player piano, and you do all the things you have secretly wanted to do for months. You get out the jam and the cookies. You practice sliding on the runner rug in the hall. You fill the bath tub with water and sail your boat in it. You get a big idea, and put the gold fish in the tub to make it more realistic. You color the water with your mother's bluing, and think you're very smart.

After a while you can find nothing else you have secretly wanted to do for months. You grow restless and wish you had gone to see Aunt Bessie, because your cousin Sam has an electric train. You start kicking things. You kick the radiator and you kick your sister's doll. You wonder why everything is so still. You want to cry in self-pity, but you can't.

So you go out into the night.

You hear shouting from up near the railroad tracks. You go up there. Joe is there, and Tony is there, and Frank and Isidore and Charlie are there. Tony is demonstrating something.

"You put these two fingers on the seams," says Tony, "and give a little twist when you let go." When Tony sees you he says hello. You don't say anything. You feel sour. Tony says, "You can't throw a curve." You say you can throw a curve better'n anything, even better'n Walter Johnson and Herb Pennock. "And even better'n Nick Altrock," you add impressively. "Aw, ya can't," says Tony. "I kin, too," you say. "Ya can't." "I kin!" "Ya can't!" It has to stop some time, so you say quite relevantly, "Aw, yer a wop, anyhow," and Tony says, "Yer a sissy!" and that makes you mad as heck 'cause there's nothing as bad as a sissy. You pick up a chip of wood from the sidewalk, and you say, "Knock that off my shoulder," and you are scared, because maybe he will. You say "shoder" because you can't say "shoulder" yet. Tony says, "I would if I wanted to," and you say, "Well, why dontcha?" Tony repeats, "I would if I wanted to," and you say, "Do it then," and Joe says, "Don't be skeered, Tony," and Charlie says, "Gwan, knock it off," and you hope Tony won't knock it off, but Isidore takes Tony's hand and knocks off the stick. But you tell Isidore not to butt in on yer business, and you put the chip back on. Tony hesitates a while, and then knocks the chift off. You don't act right off, but look around first, and hope there is a cop around. You make a fist, and swing. You miss, and then Tony misses, and then you start one from the ground, and miss, but after a while, by accident, you hit Tony in the nose, and this makes Tony real awful mad, so he comes smack into ya, and biffs ya in

(Continued on Page 8.)

Your Pop and My Pop

By I. T. COHEN

MORRIS robbed a bank and bought a pair of skates and ten cents worth of jelly beans. He had a penny left over, so he gave it to his sister, who promised not to tell of his crime. Morris didn't see what was so criminal about it, anyhow, as it was his own dime bank.

Bub lived upstairs. He had a brother and a Mom and a Pop. They didn't have a radio. Bub liked jelly beans. Morris only had a few left.

"Give me a purple one," said Bub. "I like how purple tastes."

"Here. You can have 'em all," said Morris. "But give me the bag when ya finish 'em. How ya like my skates?" he asked.

"I usta have a pair of ball-bearing skates," Bub stated. "I bet yours ain't ball-bearing."

"They are so," said Morris. "Solid ball-bearing hundred per cent. Bet ya can't do this." Morris described a series of figures of eight on the sidewalk.

"Aw, I kin do that with one hand tied behind me," Bub was not to be awed. "Jus' len me yer skates, and I'll show you how to do tricks."

"Yeah! Whyn't ya get skates o' yer own? Only dollar forty-nine."

"Ain't got no money."

"Ain't got no money?" echoed Morris. "Whattaya do with all the money ya make selling papers?"

"None o' yer business," said Bub finally.

"Aw, yer a sissy," said Morris.

"Yer a sissy," said Bub.

"Yer a Irishman," said Morris.

"Jew," said Bub. "Yer nothin' but a Jew."

"What of it?" said Morris.

"What of it?" said Bub.

"Copy cat."

"Copy cat."

"Copy cat." A new voice was heard, as Dorothy appeared on the porch. "Mama says for you to take this handchief," Dorothy added. She handed Morris a clean folded handkerchief.

"Aw, hurry up. Ya wanta be late fer school? Here, Sis, carry my books."

Dorothy took the books, and Morris was free to do tricks. Dorothy put her feet together, and jumped from crack to crack on the sidewalk.

"Morris is gonna get it," Dorothy told Bub. "Ya know how he got the skates?" She told Bub the secret. "Whyn't you get some skates, Bub?" Dorothy wanted to know.

"I don't know," he said. Then, "Don't want 'em."

"My Mom's gonna get a new spring coat," confided Dorothy.

"My Mom kin cook better'n your Mom," said Bub.

Morris curved up alongside them.

"She cannot," he said. "Our Mom kin make strawberry shortcake."

"Aw, yer both too young to understand good cooking," stated Bub.

"S' old as you," said Morris.

"I'm seven going on eight," said Bub.

"I'm seven going on eight, and Sis's six going on seven, so there," said Morris all in one breath.

"I'll be eight in two months and two days," figured Bub.

"Ya will not," said Morris. "My Pop kin beat your Pop."

"Rasslin'?" asked Bub. "My Pop was a champion rassler in the army, but he's not working now."

"My Pop works every day, don't he, Dorothy?" Morris turned to Dorothy for corroboration.

"Yer Pop sells rotten liverwurst. My Mom said so. Yer prices are exorbitating. And ya stay open on Sunday," Bub paused for breath.

"Sattidy is our Sunday," said Morris.

"We don't eat ham," said Dorothy. "We eat pumpernickle. There's Ellen. Hey, Ellen!" She ran off.

"What did she say?" asked Bub.

"Pumpernickle."

"What's pumpernickle?"

"Bread, kinda," said Morris.

Bub let it go at that.

"Wanna skate?" asked Morris, a block from school. "What foot do ya want?"

"I'll beatcha home," said Morris at noon. "I'll give ya a head start till I get my skates on."

"Wait for me," Dorothy yelled, but Morris did not hear. Bub ran for a block and then gave up. Dorothy caught up with him.

"He's mean," said Dorothy.

"My Pop promised me a pair of skates, but now he's not working," said Bub.

"My Pop's got a store," said Dorothy. "I wrote good penmanship today."

"Mom and Pop were talking and I asked them for skates and they got mad," said Bub.

"Ellen buys candy every day," said Dorothy. She gave me some.

"My Mom said we can't afford it, and besides it's too late, but I said it's not too late—everybody's skating now."

"I saw some people skating in the park Sunday."

I got a doll bigger'n Ellen's," said Dorothy.

"Pop didn't know what I was talking about. He looked at me kinda funny, and asked me what I wanted. I said skates."

Morris had come back and met them half-way. "I thought you was gonna race," he said.

"If I had skates, I'd race ya," said Bub. "My Pop says maybe next year. He's not working regular."

"Ellen's Pop works in a bank," said Dorothy. "I hope Pop comes home for dinner."

"Bub didn't know how to pronounce two words today," said Morris. "Miss Syckes bawled him out."

Bub didn't say anything. He and Dorothy were walking backwards.

"You can't skate backwards," said Bub to Morris.

"I kin."

Suddenly, a half block from home, Bub turned and started running. Once on the porch, he turned and laughed.

"I beatcha home," he said triumphantly.

Bub tried to avoid Morris and Dorothy on the way back to school.

"Look here," Morris called attention to himself. "You can't do this."

Bub said nothing. He hung his head and kicked stones out of the way.

"I'm gonna enter the skating contest next month," said Morris.

"Yer not good enough," said Dorothy.

"Smatter with Bub?"

"Mad about something," said Morris.

Bub balanced himself on the curb. He picked up a stone and threw it in a puddle of water. He watched the splash.

"Yer Pop's a capitalist," said Bub. "Yer Pop's a Jew."

"Ya can't call my Pop that," said Morris. "I'm proud he's a Jew, but ya can't call him that."

Morris was angry.

"What's a capitalist?" asked Dorothy.

"I don't know exactly, but it's something bad," said Morris.

"Capitalists collect rent," said Bub. "Yer Pop's a capitalist."

"My Pop pays rent every month," said Morris. "Yer Pop pays my Pop and my Pop pays a man."

"Mr. Altman," supplied Dorothy.

"My Pop's not working, so he can't pay rent. The doctor came today," said Bub.

"You take back what you said about my Pop," said Morris.

"He thinks he's a big shot," said Bub. "Wantsa make out like he's a big shot."

"Who said so?" said Morris.

"My Pop, that's who."

"My Pop gives me nickels and he bought Dorothy a doll," said Morris.

"My doll's bigger'n Ellen's," said Dorothy. "My Mom ain't gonna buy a coat this year. She's gonna give the money away."

"Shut up, Sis," said Morris.

"Well, she is," said Dorothy.

"The doctor came today," said Bub.

"You said that once," said Morris. "We don't have doctors. When we have a cold, Mom fixes it."

"Who's sick?" said Dorothy. "Your little brother?"

"Mom," said Bub.

"I heard your brother crying," said Dorothy.

"He's always crying," said Morris.

"My Mom's sick," said Bub. "She don't play bridge no more."

"My Pop plays poker every Sunday," said Morris.

"Mom bawls him out," said Dorothy.

"My Pop usta play pool, but he don't no more, cause Mom's sick," said Bub. "Your Mom's fat."

"My Mom kin make good strawberry shortcake. Pop likes herring," said Morris.

"I like herring," said Dorothy, "but the bones are hard to pull out."

"All Jews like herring," said Bub.

"All Irishmen like potatoes," said Morris.

"They do not," said Bub.

"They do," said Morris.

"Don't."

"Do."

"You eat potatoes every day," said Dorothy.

"Aw, gwain and play with Ellen," said Bub.

"Giris always butt in on men's business," said Morris.

"Yeah," said Bub. "Kin I borry yer crayons today?"

"Sure," said Morris.

Saturday was one of those days when you feel like you're going to burst, everything looks so good and smells so good.

Dorothy climbed the steps and jumped down them two at a time.

"Morris got a Beking," she said between jumps.

"Shut up," said Morris.

"He robbed a bank," said Dorothy. She eluded her brother, and thumbed her nose at him.

Morris quickly changed the subject.

"Let's go fishing," he said to Bub.

"Can't."

"Pop was sorry, though," said Dorothy. "When he came home after the show he kissed Morris."

"I'll get the worms," said Morris.

"Can't," said Bub.

"He brought us some ice cream, and woke us up to eat it," said Dorothy.

"Why?" asked Morris. "Why cantcha?"

"It was chocolate," said Dorothy.

"Gee, it was big," said Bub. "Bigger'n the school."

"What was big?" asked Morris. "I saw a blimp that was bigger'n the school."

"Where they take sick people, said Bub. "What-yacallits."

"Hospitals," said Dorothy. "I saw it, too. Just like a balloon."

"What's like a balloon?" asked Bub. "Hospitals ain't like balloons."

"I know," said Dorothy. "Blimps are."

"Blimps are zepp," said Morris.

"Now, I've got three brothers," said Bub.

"I've got one sister," said Morris.

"I've got a brother, a Mom and a Pop," said Dorothy. "And me," she added.

"It's got nurses and doctors and everything," said Bub.

"I had my tonsils taken out," said Dorothy. "I had a nurse."

"I oiled my skates yesterday," said Morris. "They go slick."

"They wouldn't take us," said Dorothy.

"They went to the show and wouldn't take us," said Morris.

"Eddie Cantor," said Dorothy.

"What about Eddie Cantor?" asked Bub.

"He's playing this week," said Dorothy.

"I had to laugh last night," said Bub.

Eddie Cantor makes me laugh," said Dorothy. "But I didn't see him. Mom and Pop wouldn't take us."

"Why does he wear a derby?" asked Bub.

"Who?"

"Your Pop."

"What's the matter with a derby?" asked Morris.

"His ears stick out," said Bub. "Your Pop's."

"Your Pop's nose sticks out," said Morris.

"Ears."

"Nose."

"Nose," said Dorothy.

"Don't butt in," said Morris.

"Girls are always butting in," said Bub. "Yer sposed to take yer hat off in hospitals."

"In hospitals and schools and churches, except synagogues," said Dorothy.

"Your Pop didn't," said Bub.

"Where?" asked Morris.

"In the hospital," said Bub.

"When?" asked Morris.

"Last night," said Bub.

"My Pop went to the movies last night," said Morris.

"They wouldn't take us," added Dorothy.

"I saw 'em in the hospital," stated Bub. "My Pop was mad."

"They saw Eddie Cantor," said Morris.

"I saw it," said Bub. "Lil tiny as anything."

"What?" asked Dorothy.

"They're gonna name him Timothy," said Bub. "My brother. They're gonna name him Timothy after my grandfather. He fought in a war."

"Did your Mom have—" Morris thought of Dorothy—"did the stork bring—have you got a brother?"

"I got three brothers," stated Bub.

"Three?" asked Dorothy.

"Timothy and Edwin—and me," said Bub.

"Your Mom was excited and running all over the place," said Bub.

"Let's go to the zoo then," said Morris. "If you don't want to go fishing, let's go to the zoo."

"They brought Tim out in the hall," said Bub. "Your grandfather?" asked Dorothy.

"Don't be so dumb," said Bub.

"Me means his brother," said Morris.

"I know," said Dorothy.

"The nurse held him," said Bub. "Then Pop held him. They wouldn't let me."

"You're too little," said Morris.

"I'm seven going on eight," said Bub. "My Pop got something in his eye."

"Was the wind blowing?" asked Dorothy.

"No," said Bub. "I guess there's things in hospitals that gets in people's eye."

"I can get carfare," said Morris. "To the zoo. Or fishing, maybe."

"Your Pop did, too," said Bub.

"Did too what?" ask Dorothy.

"Held Tim," said Bub. "He got something in his eye, too."

"My Pop?" said Dorothy.

"I guess holding babies makes people get things in their eye," said Bub. "Did you say you'd get the worms?"

National Psychology

By HOWARD HARTMAN

WE LIKE to think of ourselves as a very complex and highly individualistic people, with all sorts of phobias and neuroses to complicate our mental make-up and to defeat attempts at analysis. In reality, however, our national mind approaches very closely the "one-track" variety and is readily susceptible to psychological resolution. We have been built up and thrive on a mental diet of catchwords that tend more and more to make us think and act like automata, mass-produced in the same factory.

Most efficiently do such phrases exemplify the "true American spirit." They require an absolute minimum of reflection to comprehend, which minimum is of course insufficient to pierce their catholic supremacy. They are popular for the chief reason that anything is popular in America, because they were never unpopular, and to cultivate any individuality of thought or speech is the very last thing that most of us want to do.

Catchwords are not, of course, an idea original with modern America. They have always been employed by clever mob psychologists. When one tribe of homo neandertalensis attempted to drive another set from fertile hunting grounds, we may be sure that the former had a department of public information which sublimated the raid into a "glorious campaign for the preservation of the sacred rights of man," and that its adversary had an active propaganda bureau which daily eulogized the heroism of "our boys" in the "defense of the homeland" against "the brutal and uncivilized Hun." Cato's stirring, if unreasoning, "Delenda est Carthago" and the ancient dictum that "The king can do wrong" are sufficient evidence that the origination of these pernicious phrases cannot be ascribed to us. But if we have borrowed the original idea, as we have borrowed so many others, we have so developed and perfected it that it is as thoroughly American as fried chicken or football.

The exigencies of competition in the modern business world, more precisely, perhaps, in the modern American business world, have produced what has come to be known as the "intensive advertising campaign." This has, in turn, through the necessity of compressing as much information as possible into the smallest possible space, engendered the advertising slogan. These phrases no longer, however, attempt to crowd several facts into a few words. They are now almost invariably puerile and nonsensically exaggerated boasts of the virtues of a certain article and they are quite often downright misstatements of fact. To be effective they must strike the prospect in a responsive spot. He must be convinced of the urgency of an absolutely non-existent necessity. To accomplish this, therefore, these slogans are produced only with the expenditure of a great deal of time and effort by trained psychologists and are constantly being altered and improved. The best example of such a slogan that I can recall is one that was extensively used by a certain soap manufacturer not so very long ago. The public was constantly and belligerently notified from billboards and street-car placards that such and such a chip soap was the only one that produced genuine oxygen suds! Besides crediting the ridiculous notion that a soap could by some virtue inherent in it, and it alone, extract oxygen from the atmosphere, most people to whose attention the advertisement was called saw nothing unreasonable in the implication that such oxygen would improve the cleansing powers of the soap. This slogan was outstanding in its imbecility, but because of the unbelievably small number of people who recognized that fact, it did not detract in the least from the value of the slogan to the advertiser in promoting sales. Merely the statement that the soap had some mysterious quality not possessed by its rivals was the chief factor in selling the article.

In a republic such as ours, most officials must, unfortunately, mount the hustings from time to time and attempt to convince their constituents by means oratorical and gesticulative that they deserve to keep their respective jobs. It is only to be expected that on some occasions, there being so little really to discuss, certain of these public servants will repeat their own and each other's statements. When we consider the huge number of such office-holders and would-be office-holders among a hundred twenty-five million people, it is not hard to see how certain stock phrases gain currency. It is not necessary that these have any rational meaning, nor is it imperative, as some facetious critics would have us believe, that they have no intelligible significance at all. The politician, like the advertiser, has something to sell

(Continued on Page 8.)

Epilogue to Milton



David M. Flax

(Time: Sometime in the 19th Century)

Satan alone did first descry
the tumbling in, the fall of the sky

Satan alone first saw the crack
that broke the sky's enormous back

(He counted two, he counted seven
he opened the roof and looked at heaven)

and there before his glinting eye
was the tumbling in, the fall of the sky

Pandemonium grew and grew
but now it was quite shivered through

while fallen angels now turned black
shut their eyes and clicked: alack

So Satan passed, so fell the great
with his mind on God and his eye on State

thus Satan passed, thus ended hell
when the world broke up and crumbled and fell.

2

God alone was satisfied
to meditate within his pride

God alone within a dell
forgot the firmament and hell

(He didn't know, he didn't see
the crack that broke eternity)

but there beneath his righteous eye
was the tumbling in, the fall of the sky

Heaven grew . . . Ah heaven grew
but the blight had come and the end was due

Michael, that great angel saw,
the end of the world and watched in awe

and God within a year or two
admitted the world had gone askew

Thus heaven passed, thus ended God
in the general death, both knew the sod.

3

Silence ensued . . . a bird voice cried
I saw that it was spring outside

I looked at heaven, I raised my eye
but the tumbling in, the fall of the sky

the crack that broke eternity
was not apparent unto the eye

Though God was dead and Satan too
and the universe was quite cracked through

the earth revolved and season's came
with spring and winter much the same

and fall unwound and summer too
into the sky's light lovely blue

though God was dead and Satan too.

JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS—

The Great Circle

By HELEN SWICK

THE shovel continued to turn up brown clods of earth. Once the man dug it in hard and sharp until his teeth were on edge with the sound of the small gravel against the steel of the shovel. That time it was that he saw the worm, a sickly, pink strip that the edge of the shovel had cut in half; it still moved magically, squirmed about a little, until the shovel came against it and this time crushed it into the resiliency of the earth. The man could feel the tightening of the cords in his neck; and although he would have liked to wipe off the cold sweat that had gathered on his upper lip, he was ashamed and did not. When he reached the outer edge of the circle that was the flower bed, he was still trembling and so he went on digging round and round, blindly, making the circle of spaded earth eat farther and farther into the lawn; round and round he went until the soft, warm smell of the earth had penetrated his senses and had soothed and quieted him. The flower bed was no longer a circle; it was a huge, misshapen thing, and he hurried into the woodshed to get some stakes and a piece of cord; then he traced out a circle about this irregular plot. By the time he had finished, his shoulders ached and the tiredness fell over him like a blanket; it softened and padded the nerves made raw by the grating of the gravels and the movement of the severed worm. While he raked the ground over in long, skillful strokes, he let the air come into his body in great breaths; finally he made a rhythm of the two until he was completely lost in the perfection of the sensation. Eventually he knew that he was through raking, knew even that he had raked entirely too long and that unless he hurried the late autumn dusk would settle down and leave him there in the dark with his work unfinished. He dreaded the dank smell of vegetation rotting slowly, a sinister metamorphosis that went only after the sun had gone down into the west. He hurried a little then and his fingers were clumsy as he handled the bulbs and sorted out the ones he had marked for this bed, the west bed. Long ago Martha had said, "We shall have yellow ones for the west bed, David. Yellow ones, always."

His fingers were firm and competent as he planted the bulbs. The loamy earth pressed about his ankles; and he smiled as he thought of the goodness of the soil. It was as if the earth and he were in a conspiracy to make these brown, scaly bulbs grow and mature and blossom. The loamy earth pressed about his feet, slowed his progress, shared his confidence. Before he had half finished he could sense the coming dampness. The sun was low, although it was not yet five o'clock. He was glad when he saw the smoke from leaves burning in the valley below. The wind blew the smoke at intervals across the bed in thin threads. A tinge of red crept through the mist. Down in the valley figures moved about the bonfire. There was the sound of light, high voices; he finished planting the bulbs listening to them. The sun was quite gone when he finished. He put the tools away carefully in the woodshed.

He hesitated about going inside. When he passed the kitchen window, he could see Cora sitting by the kitchen table—quiet, still, ever quiet, ever still, staring endlessly. He shuddered.

Up on the front porch steps, he could see clearly the fire down in the valley. It cast pink, flickering shadows far up into the sky. Already the acrid smell had penetrated the atmosphere. It stung his nostrils and he breathed in deeply. The fire continued to keep off the damp of autumn night. He closed his eyes in relief.

Yes, one could forget for awhile, at least. Forget that after a while the darkness would come, and he must go inside and Cora would be there. She would stare at him as he fixed things for the night, locked up, wound the clock. And then he would have to take her hand to help her up the steps to bed. That was a funny thing. They had been able to teach her so many things; finally even to dress and undress herself. Martha had praised her when she did well; had rewarded her in some way, just as if she were a dog learning tricks. God! how awful that was—a dog learning tricks.

But they could never teach her to go up steps. She would always stumble. When she had been small, he could carry her up the steps. "Here we go up"—that was Martha's voice. The child's arms were soft. The child's breath on his neck was warm. Sometimes, then he had almost forgotten.

For a long time, Martha had not known. Martha had trusted, had believed that the child was all right. But he had known. He had thought he would go crazy with the knowledge. Sometimes he wondered if he had done it. He had hated the child before it was born. It had been an intruder, a physical phenomenon. It announced itself by making the woman's body misshapen, ugly—the body that had been white and slender and beautiful. It seemed to say—"And this is the price of your happiness, your love."

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The Greater Circle

(Continued from Page 7.)

He had hated it, this necessary physical proof of their love.

But that was as nothing compared to the hate he had felt when the child was born. The doctor had brought it to him, a pink remnant of life; and all he could think of was the torment she had endured for this. The doctor had told him then about the child's head—that the injury might be permanent. It had sickened him, but in a way, he had not cared; all that really mattered was that Martha was safe.

After a while, the child had mattered of course; she had loved it. The child's hair had been light and soft and curly. Martha had refused to believe that there was anything wrong. Perhaps if he had trusted blindly, the child would have been normal. It was as if he had willed it, and the mind, so fragile, had succumbed to his hatred; as if he had numbed the brain while it was still soft. Sometimes he wondered if he might not have beaten the child in some blind rage—perhaps some night—. He wondered.

As the child grew older, Martha had found out. He could still hear Martha's voice in that late spring night: "David, David, they're keeping Cora in the first grade another year." Her voice was a shadow across his heart. He had known then that it was his fault, that it was he who had done it. But he had tried to laugh at her fears. He had told her that he had been slow, too, when he was a child. And all the while he knew, knew that this was the beginning.

After that he had begun to hate the child again; it had been easy. It was as if he wanted to crush out entirely this crude semblance of life. It was about that time that Martha had begun to be so nervous. And it was like a mad house. He had hated—and there was the child; and the child was driving them both crazy. The veil had come then—this darkness which he could drop down almost at will between him and everything around him. At first it had made him afraid; but later he had realized that this was the only way to keep from going crazy.

The doctor had said that unless the child was sent away to some institution, Martha would be very ill. But Martha would not let the child go. She had made him promise that no matter what happened, he would not send Cora away. It had made him hate the child even more. It would have been so easy then to have made away with her. In the quiet of long nights; no one to know; and no one to blame if he did know. This would be no new weight on his conscience. All that was wrong had already been done. As long as he had killed the brain, as long as he had willed the creature dumb, what harm then in killing the other, of crushing the body? But he shuddered as he thought of it. And his hands were wet when the veil came to relieve him.

Spring was in the air; and she had smiled at him that morning. She stood up on the high stool in the kitchen hanging the curtains that would match the yellow tulips when they came out. Her arms against the window were wondrously white and delicate. "And we'll always have the yellow ones there in that west bed—David?—always, always!" Her voice was a song. He went out and raked the leaves off the bed. Underneath were the green, slender shoots. She saw his excitement and came running out, her face white in this strong spring light. And already there in the sunlight, the plants had bloomed and the yellow cups were a chalice of their happiness.

The cold crept in on him there on the porch step. The bonfire in the valley had died down and there was no sound except the cold, damp stillness settling down like a blanket over him. He got up then to go inside. It must be over two weeks now since they had taken Martha away—two weeks. And the doctor had said that she must not come back until the daughter was gone, was dead.

He wondered curiously how long Cora would live. Maybe six months, maybe a year, not longer he knew. Already the body was weak; and the man knew that the body would soon die, die of its own lack of incentive to live. It would be better so. He could will the body dead as he had willed through his hatred, the mind dead. Already her cheeks were sunken, her eyes glassy.

Yes, he could wait. There was always the veil. And when that was gone one could dream awhile of yellow tulips in the sunlight and the beauty of a woman's body. Even in the chill of the hallway, leading this strange woman-child, stumbling up the steps beside him, he was happy.

For, after all, there are moments. Wonderful moments when one can stand ankle-deep in the warm earth and plant bulbs. And dream of yellow tulips in the sunlight. Then it is half hoping, half praying to his God, that the man is happy.

Sunday Escapade

(Continued from Page 5.)

the mouth, and you get madder'n anything, and there is a regular fight. And Ed and Junior, and Junior's sister come running, and Joe keeps back the crowd, and now you gotta make a good showing, 'cause you're stuck on Junior's sister, who just moved in at 1406 Twelfth street, but at the same time you're hoping somebody will stop the slaughter. Tony's nose is bleeding, and you're getting blood on yer knuckles and shirt 'n everything. Just then the door to Mr. Tony's shoe-maker shop busts open, and Mrs. Tony come running out, and starts cussing in Dago, which is Eytalian, and you run like sixty. You hear Mrs. Tony yell, something like "you killa my boy, I killa you," and you hear a baseball bat blumping against the sidewalk, and you run and run and don't look back.

You finally get home, breathing hard, and lock the door behind you. You sit down for a while to catch your breath. Then you think and thing and think how you're going to explain the blood on yer shirt 'n everything, and you decide to operate. You take a knife (not too sharp) and cut your finger (not too deep) and you take a hanchiff and wrap it around the wound. You're in bed before your mother comes home, and you sorta feign sleep, putting on an angelic expression, and kinda breathe like as if ya was asleep, because you don't want to talk to anybody. You hear them talking about some ice cream, and your mother comes into the bedroom and kisses your cheek, and your sister tickles the bottom of your toes, and you stir a little as if you was kinda waking up, but you don't.

The next day you are mad as sixty because they didn't wake you up to give you some ice cream. Cherry custard, too.

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National Psychology

(Continued from Page 7.)

and appealing, as he does, to a low grade of intelligence, the matter of meaning is one of utter indifference to him.

Perhaps the two most famous political phrases in our history are Lincoln's concerning government of, by and for the people, and Wilson's statement that the purpose of the late war was to make the world safe for democracy. These two sentiments are practically identical and both palpably inaccurate. The North in the Civil War was not fighting for popular government any more than were the late Allies. The North was putting down a rebellion admittedly popular in the South, and the Allies were much more interested in concrete considerations of territory and balance of power than in any academic question of popular government. The power in both these phrases lies, therefore, only in their "catchiness," or superficial appeal to the crowd.

Perhaps we are not, after all, entirely to blame. Man's natural tendencies are gregarious, and if we imitate our neighbors it is in the belief that a multiplicity of heads are better than one, that it will be to our individual and the race's general benefit to conform. Such are the apologies that are made. As a matter of fact, we are very much to blame. If man is gregarious, so also are sheep, and it is only because man has been able, to some extent, to conquer his instincts that he is mentally superior to sheep. When we imitate our neighbors it is because we are indolent and cowardly, morally and mentally. Progress has never been made by conformity, but always by rebellion against it. Conformity and imitation produce capital bootblacks and dishwashers because there is so very little more that we can learn about manual dishwashing and bootblackening. When the other arts and sciences have reached the state of advancement attained by these, then will be the time for imitation and conformity, but while progress remains to be made, there are no places in our lives for them.

Book Review

By CHARLES A. BELL

"The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God." George Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Shaw's latest work is a combination of narrative, essay, fantasy, and philosophy which should please everybody from the kitchen cook and H. L. Mencken to John Dewey and college students. If his arguments madden you, you will enjoy his tale; if the narrative seems childish, the thought will prove stimulating; allegorically, except for the last few pages, the scanty work is a masterpiece.

"The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God" commences with a question and ends on a note of modest conceit. Shaw has Voltaire not only as his protagonist, but as a model. The story is similar in treatment to the great Frenchman's "Candide," without being as subtle. It is admittedly clever, and definitely has a message, but it is difficult for the writer not to feel resentful of his epilogistic insult to our intelligence, wherein he feels called upon to explain what he means by the story proper, even though he does postulate new arguments in this explanatory essay.

The black girl asks, "Where is God?" and the befuddled missionary replies, "He has said, 'Seek and ye shall find Me.'" Whereupon, the black girl seeks, but never finds. Encountering successively the gods of Genesis, Job, Micah, Jesus and Mohammed, she realizes each is inadequate and all are contradictory. The quasi-scientist who seeks a method of making a dog climb a tree in order to prove that he himself can perform such a feat is painted in all his ludicrous seriousness. And then there is the group of explorers who top each other in argumentative premises and theories until their whole conjectural structure becomes palpably ridiculous.

Finding all this nonsense disgusting, the black girl wanders on until she spies a wizened old man, immediately recognizable as Voltaire, carefully tending his garden. He demonstrates to her that her search is doomed to fruitlessness, and invites her in. Here Shaw injects himself into the tale of an impudent gardener, who finally marries the girl and thereby takes her mind off her impossible search, providing the more tangible problem of children to occupy her attention.

The book is fascinating, whatever else may or may not be said about it. It is iconoclastic in motive, but constructive in its ultimate purpose, which rests on the premise that "we must throw out the muddy water, before we pour in the clean."

Contrary to his custom, Shaw gives every evidence of sincerity in this work. If he seems to want to destroy religion, there is his saving announcement, "At worst the Bible gives a child a better start in life than the gutter." But it is obvious that he does not want to destroy religion; his sole aim, it seems, is to weed the garden. And with these 75 pages, he has probably accomplished more in that direction than any other individual since Voltaire.

Song of Absalom

Sleep, my Tamar, take thy rest,
For Absalom, thy brother watcheth thee;
Still the anguish of thy breast,
Let not thy heart thus troubled be.
The Lord hath seen my brother's sin;
Amnon's wickedness hath he beheld.
The Lord shall curse his seed and kin;
His judgement and his wrath are not withheld.

Hush, my Tamar, cease thy weeping;
None there are to speak abroad thy harm.
Calm thy sorrow in thy sleeping;
The Lord shall with his vengeance gird my arm.
Cast the shame from out thy breast,
Regard thy shield and comforter in me
Peace attend thy couch of rest
Absalom thy brother watcheth thee.

—LEE ANNA EMBREY.

DON'T FORGET!

The Review is conducting an essay contest. No limitation on subject or length (though it shouldn't be as long as a thesis). The judges are Miss Martha Gibbons, Mr. Courtland Baker, and Mr. Ernest Shepard. The prize is the Oxford Companion to English Literature, donated by Paul Pearlman. The author should put his name on a separate sheet of paper and deposit his entry in The Review box in the Publications Building by May 20. Many thanks.